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NUTTING TIME.

The nuts are ripe and the day is fine,
The purple hills in the sunlight shine,
And the brown nuts redden the trembling tops
Of each gnarled tree in the hazel copse.

The copse is filled with the happy noise
Of laughing girls and climbing boys,
And the beaten branches yield their fruit
That heavily drops at each old tree's root.

Under the brow of the copse-crowned hill,
Ethel and I sit silent and still,
And I hold in mine her small white hand,
The smallest and whitest in all the land.

Gather your fruit, ye lads above,
And fling the nuts at the girls you love:
The only fruit that to me was dear
I have gathered to-day in the white hand here.

THE ENTRY INTO NAPLES.

He came! not with the pomp of state,
With bayonets flashing round him;
But in the broad glare of the day,
Where frantic thousands lined the way,
And hopeful, knelt to weep and pray,
We found him.

He came! not as a conqueror comes,
With rattling drum and clashing sabre,
But like an angel from the skies,
With form erect and flashing eyes,
He stood, clothed in the simple guise
Of labor.

He came! as Heaven's own chosen king,
His throne a trampled nation,
Claiming no power but such as came
From the great glory of his name—
No weak or meretricious fame,
No station.

Out rang the *vivas* fierce and long,
Made louder by each patriot's wrong,
And manly shout joined woman's song,
Where Marinella's half-crazed throng
Hailed freed Italia's son.
'Twas noon, high noon, along the way,
And sunlight danced upon the bay;
The shouting thousands swayed and swung,
A hundred bells the chorus rung;
And Naples, mad from fear and doubt,
Screamed forth the hero's welcome shout,
Screamed forth the hope so long deferred
With every long forbidden word:

"UNA—UNA—UNA—VIVA!
DEATH AND HELL TO THE DECEIVER!
VOGLIAMO, VIVA, VIVA!
GOD'S GREAT GRACE TO THE ACHIEVER!"

Calm and unmoved amid the whole,
With eyes that shadowed forth the soul,
The patriot hero stood.
Cry upon cry has rent the air,
But still the self-same words are there:
Viva Garibaldi!
Una—vogliamo, l'Italie—una!

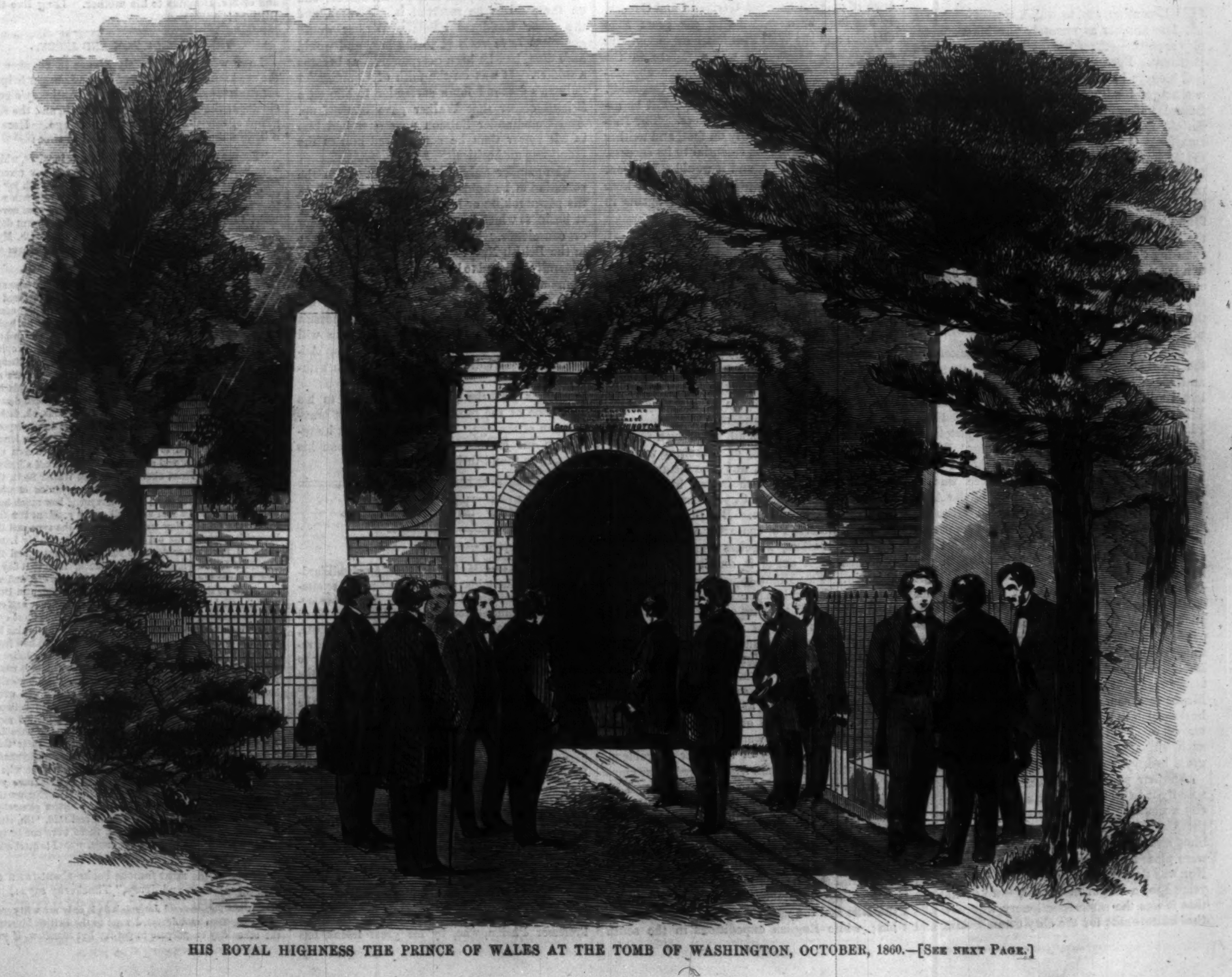
Night falls, the deep-mouthed cannons boom
Their notes of freedom through the gloom,
And from a thousand hands and throats
The wildering music swells and floats.
Along the gay Toledo's pave
The joy-mad crowd their greeting's rave,
And banners flash upon the night,
And torches shed a mid-day light,
Unvailing every hideous sight.
The beggar jostles with the lord,
The master with the man,
The wearer breaks the tyrant's sword,
And kisses where he can.

Still high above the crash of all,
The song is loud and clear—
Above the cannon, bells, and shouts,
It breaks upon the ear:
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Vogliamo, l'Italia!
Una—una—una—viva!
God's great grace to the achiever.

White-armed women, heaving breasted,
Fiery eyed, and voiced aloud,
Half of flowing robes divested,
Wander through the surging crowd,
Singing loud,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!

Far along the Marinella,
Through the night the cries still ring,
Echoed from Largo Castello,
To the palace of the King
Still they ring,
Viva, viva Garibaldi!
Saver of his native land;
Vogliamo, l'Italia,
Una—una—una—viva!

Naples, *Sept.* 8, 1860.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1860.—[See next Page.]

THE PRINCE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

ON the preceding page the reader will find a picture of one of the most striking scenes of the Prince's tour through this country—his visit to the Tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The *Herald* reporter, to whose reports we are so constantly indebted, thus describes the scene:

> "The day was all that could be desired—the finest that the Indian summer could give. Having carefully inspected the house, the Prince stood reverently uncovered in the room in which Washington died, looked at the piano which he presented to Mrs. Lewis, and examined the key of the Bastile and the other curiosities there. The party expressed their gratification at the taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the place, and then proceeded to the Tomb of Washington.
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> "The Marine band had arrived before them, and, concealed by a neighboring thicket, began playing a dirge composed by the leader. The scene was most impressive. The party, with uncovered heads, ranged themselves in front of the tomb, so simple yet so grand in its associations, and looked in through the iron-grated door at the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the Father of his Country. Then retiring a few paces, the Prince, the President, and the royal party, grouped in front, silently contemplated the Tomb of Washington.
>
> "The occasion will become historical. A sad cloud softened the sunlight; the sweet, solemn strains of the beautiful dirge floated around, bringing unconscious tears to eyes unused to weep. Without royal state royalty contemplated the last abode of one who, though once pronounced a rebel and a traitor by the very ancestors of the Prince, now ranks above all kings—the Father of a Country second to none.
>
> "Around were the representatives of that aristocracy which once proclaimed every republican a traitor, now doing homage to the great representative republican. Beside the President were those who, in the last battles between England and this country, had taken a not unprominent part; while he himself had once borne arms against the very country whose future ruler was now his honored guest. What lessons all must have learned from this visit—what thoughts must have occurred to each—how all must have felt that, above all and over all, God reigns supreme, ordering events for his own wise purposes, and working miracles, not, as once, by his instantaneous word, but by the slower process of time.
>
> "At the request of the Mount Vernon Association, the Prince planted, with but little formality, a young horse chestnut tree, to commemorate his visit to the place. The tree was planted upon a beautiful little mound, not far from the tomb.
>
> "This ceremony being over, the party again stood for a few moments before the tomb, and then, turning away in thoughtful silence, slowly and silently retraced their way to the *Harriet Lane*, which during their absence had been transformed, by means of canvas and gay flags, into a beautiful dining saloon, with covers laid for the entire party.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

THE CASE OF THE ARTISANS' BANK.

THE contingency to which we referred in a late number as remotely possible has actually occurred—the Artisans' Bank has stopped payment. Fortunately for the city, the municipal moneys had been previously transferred to a stronger institution—the Park Bank. On Saturday afternoon, 29th September, the Chamberlain felt that his own safety required the transfer. On Monday afternoon, 1st October, the Artisans' Bank decided to suspend payment. It was, as the boys say, "touch and go." Rumor, indeed, asserts that when the Chamberlain insisted on the transfer, the Artisans' Bank found it impossible to meet his check, and that the Park Bank solved the difficulty by re-discounting the discounted paper of the Artisans' to a large amount. However this may be, it is certain, we believe, that the city moneys are at the present time out of danger, and that nothing has been lost by the failure of the Artisans' Bank.

Two reflections are naturally suggested by the Providential escape. The first is, that it is no fault of Mayor Wood's that the city has not lost a million or more by the Artisans' Bank. When he removed Mr. Stout and appointed Mr. Platt chamberlain of the city, he must have known the condition of the Artisans' Bank. There were many reasons why he should have known it. No banker of experience was in doubt on the subject. The capital of the Artisans' was too small for so heavy an account; and that capital, small as it was, was known to be impaired. Mr. Platt is a man of high character; no word has ever been uttered in our hearing against his integrity; but Mr. Platt was not alone in the matter, and any bank officer of some years' standing could have supplied Mayor Wood with other reasons, independent of those we have mentioned, for not transferring the city account to the Artisans' Bank. In the face of all this, the account was transferred; Mr. Platt was appointed by the Mayor and confirmed by the aldermen with a haste which in itself was suspicious. Is it matter of wonder that people should whisper to such strange tales of corrupt discounts and gross bribery?

Another point which presents itself is the new light in which these transactions place the city account. When the city deposits were in the Mechanics' Bank, and subsequently in the Shoe and Leather, the public believed that they were placed there solely for the sake of safety. Nor was that belief ill founded. When, some years ago, a Mayor of the city—we do not say that it was the same functionary who now fills that office—sent for the City Chamberlain, and suggested that he needed a small loan—less than $10,000—that officer calmly informed him that the Mechanics' Bank could accommodate him with the money, *on receipt of negotiable paper.* In those days the city account was not—like the Roman Empire—sold to the highest bidder. Times are changed now, if there be any basis for the rumors which are in every man's mouth. If common report is to be believed, the Artisans' Bank might have survived every thing but the insatiable greed of the corporation blood-suckers. And who knows what it has cost the Park Bank to get the account? The Shoe and Leather Bank is said to have saved money by losing it.

These city deposits, unless some change be made, will come to be regarded as one of those fatal gifts which destroy their recipient. No bank can hold them without being open to the suspicion of having received them corruptly, and of retaining them by practices which can not but be hurtful to the credit of any financial institution.

THE ITALIAN NUT CRACKED.

WHEN last we wrote on the question of Italy, we observed that the great difficulty was to know what to do with the Pope. Nobody cares about taking the responsibility of attacking him in the Vatican; and yet, so long as he stays there, it is evident that the Italian question will remain unsettled. Our latest intelligence encourages the hope that the question may be settled by the Pope running away.

At latest dates the whole of the Papal States, with the exception of Rome, Ancona, Civita Vecchia, and a small region round Rome, was in the possession of the Sardinians. Ancona had been bombarded and was preparing to surrender; the advance of Garibaldi from the south, and Cialdini from the north, upon Rome, could not be long delayed. What can the Pope do under the circumstances? He has ten thousand, and is promised other ten thousand Frenchmen to guard him. But twenty or forty thousand can not protect him if the Italian army attacks Rome. At least forty thousand would be needed to protect the Quirinal and the Vatican against the people of Rome itself. As to resisting an outside foe, the thing is out of the question, unless Napoleon proposes to throw an overwhelming force into Rome. This he can not do.

The probability is that the problem will be solved by the Pope running away and leaving the city of Rome open to Garibaldi. It would be a most happy solution of the difficulty.

Some notice is taken in the papers of a difference of opinion between Garibaldi and Cavour. It has long been known that the great Free Captain and the Wily Politician did not admire each other. Garibaldi was a failure in the Sardinian Chambers; Cavour never appreciated the unprecedented methods of Garibaldi. But it is not likely that the dispute will be attended with any fatal consequences. The Italian movement is now fairly on foot, and neither Garibaldi nor Cavour is essential to its success. Both might disappear, and it would still go on. If the Pope can be disposed of, we shall hear very little of the wrangles of minor agents in the drama.

A HOPE FOR AFRICA.

OF all parts of the world Africa is the one which, for several centuries, has been the most discouraging to optimists, and the most saddening to lovers of humanity. Civilization first dawned—to the best of our knowledge—on the banks of the Nile. When England and France were howling wildernesses the region which we call Algeria was the home of a thrifty, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing race. Time was, so we are taught, when even the torrid realms of the King of Dahomey were of mercantile importance, and Phœnician traders found it pay to grope their way, by the guidance of the stars, round Cape Palmas and even the Cape of Good Hope. But these are almost forgotten times. For centuries Africa has been a forlorn, useless, hopeless region. Nothing good has come out of it, and it has taken nothing in. To philanthropists and statesmen it has been a fathomless puzzle; ethnologists have used it to prove theories of the relative power of the various races of mankind; while theologians have made a successful point by quoting its unhappy condition as a proof of the efficacy of the curse of Ham.

Now, however, there seems to be a dawn of light in the darkness of the African horizon. For some years some of the bravest and best men in the civilized world have devoted their lives to the discovery of the African problem. The continent has been triangulated; our maps of the interior will very soon be complete. Livingstone has sailed up the Zambesi; Burton has forced his way through the Somal country nearly to the Mountains of the Moon; Barth has elaborately studied and depicted Lake Tsad and its vicinity; Du Chaillu has explored the equatorial region; the French are energetically prosecuting researches toward the sources of the Nile and the upper waters of the Senegambia; while English expeditions in the south and up the Niger are likely to leave nothing unexplored in those most interesting regions.

That Africa has a future no one who believes in God's providence and the eternal wisdom of His arrangements can question; and, in this age of material progress, there seems to be a possibility that that future may at least be dimly discerned. There is more life in Africa than people generally are aware. They have a railroad in Egypt, and, despite the selfish opposition of the English, the Suez Canal will soon be a reality. The Emperor of the French has just been to Algeria to study out problems of material development which he has formed for that part of his dominions. He has already given orders for the sinking of systems of artesian wells through the desert, and some of the most learned men in France are busily exploring the physical geography of the country with a view to improved systems of agriculture. In Senegal great progress has been made since the establishment of the Empire: St. Louis has now a trade of some four million francs per annum. In the south and southeast Great Britain is laboring with equal vigor. Another year will settle the cotton question finally; and, even should it be settled against the production of the staple in Africa, new regions lying north and northeast of Caffreland will be opened to Christianity and civilization. Thus, on every side, there is at last an awakening from the sleep in which the continent of Africa has been plunged since the first spread of Christianity.

THE END OF WALKER.

WE record, in another column, the end of the filibuster Walker. No one regrets that he has received the merited penalty of his repeated infractions of law and sacrifices of life and property. He lived by the sword, and by the sword he has perished—as was fit. One may pity him, as one may pity any wrong-doer who is justly chastised; but no one can say that, in his case, the chastisement was undeserved or inappropriate, or that the world would have been a gainer had he escaped his doom. Mankind and civilization acquiesce in his death.

At the same time public opinion will not justify the conduct of Commander Salmon, of the British Navy, who betrayed Walker into the hands of the Hondurenos. We have now the details of the filibuster's capture. He surrendered to Commander Salmon, of her Britannic Majesty's Navy. He became a prisoner to the English, not to the Hondurenos. Commander Salmon claimed his sword, not as an agent of Honduras, but as a British officer; and on these terms he received it. Alvarez, and the other Honduras officials, Walker would doubtless have resisted to the last, and would have died, had he been overpowered, as became a soldier. It was on the faith of Commander Salmon's demand for a surrender to him as a British officer that Walker gave himself up. And Commander Salmon no sooner had him in his power than he surrendered him to the Honduras authorities.

Commander Salmon had better resign the commission he holds, and seek employment in the pawnbroking or lottery policy, or some other business which requires no exercise of honor or conscience. He is evidently out of place in the British Navy. British naval officers are generally believed to be men of honor and spirit; Commander Salmon can not feel at home among them. By resigning his commission and devoting his energies to some disreputable pursuit—such as nature intended him for—he will probably forestall the action of the British Admiralty, which will doubtless remove him without delay.

He has had the glory of betraying to his death one of the most wrong-headed but bravest men of the age. It is time now that he retire on his laurels. A meaner act than his can not be found in history.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW SENSATION.

THAT is to say, M. Berger, the French billiard-player. In the midst of the utmost public excitement in a Presidential canvass, M. Berger has actually made himself conspicuous. He has received the homage of amateurs of the game, of its artists, its professors; and he acknowledges his cordial reception with a peculiar eloquence possible only to the French genius. Not only does it impress the ear, but it affects the style of those who describe his playing. His game, in fact, seems to have the same kind of effect that his speech has.

A pleasant party assembled to verify the credentials of his fame, under the auspices of our own hero of the cue, Mr. Phelan. The party found M. Berger the most frank of Frenchmen, enjoying his own successes with the utmost good sense. Before beginning the exhibition of his skill, M. Berger made a speech. Does any body think that Americans are peculiarly speech-makers? Listen, then, to the champion of the green field and the shining balls.

"Gentlemen, in seeing here the élite of a great nation, I experience a double pride.

"The man receives his part of it; the artist his.

"Let thanks be rendered to your celebrated Professor Phelan, who, by his great talent, has habituated intelligence to honor the career of billiards.

"I thank you then sincerely, gentlemen, and pray you to accord me some minutes of attention, enough to comprehend my thought and to transmit it to your innumerable readers.

"I come to America as a *brother* in billiards, not as a champion.

"Explain, I pray you, my thought to your readers, and I shall be very happy.

"The American game is different from the French: each is difficult, as you will presently see. The American game is executed by Mr. Phelan with an abundance of extraordinary points, and he surpasses all that I have hitherto seen of that game.

"It is not, then, astonishing that you should accord to Mr. Phelan so much sympathy, for he is as good a fellow as he is a great artist. I declare, with happiness, that I have been received by Phelan as a gentleman and friend, and I am happy to announce it to all America.

"Mr. Phelan, with the strongest players in the United States, have offered me the aid of their talent at my exhibitions, the first of which will take place on Monday next, in a hall which I owe to the generosity of Mr. Phelan.

"On Monday, if my ability corresponds with my ardent desire of pleasing you, I shall fervently beseech the God of Billiards to inspire me with the most fantastic combinations, and to vouchsafe to me, for their execution, the most magical and the most enchanted cue. Long live America!"

Compare that with the speeches of Mr. Benicia Boy and Mr. Champion Sayers—the bashful nod of the head, and the thick "All right" of those worthy professors of the fist! How M. Berger nurses his nouns! How clickingly he caroms on his adjectives! Do you wonder that, under the spell of his speech, one of the gentlemen who watched the game that followed describes it *à la Berger?* "Mr. Phelan plays from the mind: M. Berger plays from the heart. That is the game of judgment: this of imagination. The prose of billiards and the poetry. As Berger himself defines it—the scientific and the romantic...... His appearance in this country will certainly revive the latent romance of the billiard-room, and recruits will flock to his showy and bright standard, to be inspired with something of his own gallant and poetic spirit."

His play is marvelous. He makes balls run along the top of the cushion, then descend, and carom. He caroms into a hat; upon another table; and, probably, into the next room. Whatever is wonderful and unexpected and impossible, he does. Not immediately always: sometimes not until after several trials. Therein he seems to fall below Blondin, who never falls at all, but executes his designs at once. M. Berger's ordinary game is understood to be worthy his extraordinary power; and in a country so devoted to the billiard his progress will be as triumphant as that of Blondin along his rope, of the Prince through his colonies, and of Mr. Douglas to his mother. Long live the Billiard!

THE TIMES OF TOM AND JERRY.

LAST week having a sly glance in advance at the next number of the *Cornhill*, the Lounger helped his readers and himself to some of Thackeray's gossip about the Times of George Fourth, and the England of thirty-five and forty years ago. Here is a little more about the novels of that time:

> "For our amusements, besides the games in vogue, which were pretty much in old times as they are now (except cricket, *par exemple*—and I wish the present youth joy of their bowling, and suppose Armstrong and Whitworth will bowl at them with light field-pieces next), there were novels—ah! I trouble you to find such novels in the present day! Oh, Scottish Chiefs, didn't we weep over you! Oh, Mysteries of Udolfo, didn't I and Briggs minor draw pictures out of you, as I have said!"

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> "Efforts, feeble indeed, but still giving pleasure to us and our friends. 'I say, old boy, draw us Vivaldi tortured in the Inquisition,' or, 'Draw us Don Quixote and the windmills, you know," amateurs would say, to boys who had a love of drawing. 'Peregrine Pickle' we liked, our fathers admiring it, and telling us (the sly old boys!) it was capital fun; but I think I was rather bewildered by it, though Roderick Random was and remains delightful. I don't remember having Sterne in the school library, no doubt because the works of that divine were not considered decent for young people. Ah! not against thy genius, oh, father of Uncle Toby and Trim, would I say a word in disrespect. But I am thankful to live in times when men no longer have the temptation to write so as to call blushes on women's cheeks, and would shame to whisper wicked allusions to honest boys. Then, above all, we had Walter Scott, the kindly, the generous, the pure—the companion of what countless delightful hours; the purveyor of how much happiness; the friend whom we recall as the constant benefactor of our youth! How well I remember the type and the brownish paper of the old duodecimo 'Tales of My Landlord!' I have never dared to read the 'Pirate,' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' or 'Kenilworth,' from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end. But 'Ivanhoe,' and 'Quentin Durward!' Oh! for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again! Those books, and perhaps those eyes with which we read them; and, it may be, the brains behind the eyes! It may be the tart was good; but how fresh the appetite was! If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries. The boy-critic loves the story: grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life. I meet people now who don't care for Walter Scott, or the 'Arabian Nights;' I am sorry for them, unless they in their time have found *their* romancer—their charming Scheherazade. By-the-way, Walter, when you are writing, tell me who is the favorite novelist in the fourth form now? Have you got any thing so good and kindly as dear Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank?' It used to belong to a fellow's sisters generally; but though he pretended to despise it, and said, 'Oh, stuff for girls!' he read it; and I think there were one or two passages which would try my eyes now, were I to meet with the little book."

Of one of the most famous books-about-town of that day, "Tom and Jerry," Thackeray says:

> "As for Thomas and Jeremiah (it is only my witty way of calling Tom and Jerry), I went to the British Museum the other day on purpose to get it; but somehow, if you

will press the question so closely, on reperusal, Tom and Jerry is not so brilliant as I had supposed it to be. The pictures are just as fine as ever; and I shook hands with broad-backed Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom with delight, after many years' absence. But the style of the writing, I own, was not pleasing to me; I even thought it a little vulgar—well! well! other writers have been considered vulgar—and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the ancient times, more curious than amusing.

"But the pictures!—oh! the pictures are noble still! First, there is Jerry arriving from the country, in a green coat and leather gaiters, and being measured for a fashionable suit at Corinthian House, by Corinthian Tom's tailor. Then away for the career of pleasure and fashion. The park! delicious excitement—the theatre! the saloon! the green-room! rapturous bliss—the opera itself! and then perhaps to Temple Bar, to *knock down a Charley* there! There are Jerry and Tom, with their tights and little cocked hats, coming from the opera—very much as gentlemen in waiting on royalty are habited now. There they are at Almack's itself, amidst a crowd of high-bred personages, with the Duke of Clarence himself looking at them dancing. Now, strange change, they are in Tom Cribb's parlor, where they don't seem to be a whit less at home than in fashion's gilded halls; and now they are at Newgate, seeing the irons knocked off the malefactors' legs previous to execution. What hardened ferocity in the countenance of the desperado in yellow breeches! What compunction in the face of the gentleman in black (who, I suppose, has been forging), and who clasps his hands, and listens to the chaplain! Now we haste away to merrier scenes: to Tattersall's) ah! gracious powers! what a funny fellow that actor was who performed Dicky Green in that scene at the play!); and now we are at a private party, at which Corinthian Tom is waltzing (and very gracefully, too, as you must confess) with Corinthian Kate, while Bob Logic, the Oxonian, is playing on the piano!

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"Here, for instance, is a specimen of their talk and walk. 'If,' says Logic—'if *enjoyment* is your *motto*, you may make the most of an evening at Vauxhall, more than at any other place in the metropolis. It is all free and easy. Stay as long as you like, and depart when you think proper.'—'Your description is so flattering,' replied Jerry, 'that I do not care how soon the time arrives for us to start.' Logic proposed a '*bit of a stroll*' in order to get rid of an hour or two, which was immediately accepted by Tom and Jerry. A *turn* or two in Bond Street, a *stroll* through Piccadilly, a *look in* at Tattersall's, a *ramble* through Pall Mall, and a *strut* on the Corinthian path, fully occupied the time of our heroes until the hour for dinner arrived, when a few glasses of Tom's rich wines soon put them on the *qui vive*. Vauxhall was then the object in view, and the Trio started, bent upon enjoying the pleasures which this place so amply affords."

MR. GOUGH.

THE effect produced by the famous Temperance orator upon his audiences is a most striking illustration of the broad impression of the purely dramatic style of oratory. It is another tribute to the influence and power of the drama. Mr. Gough is not a thinker—he is an actor. His pictures of the misery of drunkenness, in its many aspects, are so vivid and thrilling that the spell over the audience is that of the most emotional actor. The effect is immediate and immense, but it is more temporary because it has no intellectual root.

When Sheridan had finished his speech in the Warren Hastings trial, and when Montalembert sat down in the last days of the last Legislative Assembly of Louis Philippe, after an attack upon the Government, it was moved that the Houses adjourn, that they might not legislate or judge under the sway of strong passion. Mr. Gough's effects are akin to these. He sweeps all before him, except the passionless reason. That may concede the justice of his cause, but it does so before he begins. It is not affected by his funny or tragical anecdotes.

Somebody told Fox of an eloquent speech he had heard the night before; "and I will tell you what he said." "Stop, stop!" exclaimed Fox; "if you can tell me what he said, it was not an eloquent speech." Measured by Fox's standard, Mr. Gough's eloquence is supreme. For if it were reported and read, the wonder of those who listened and yielded to its charm would be amusing.

For its immediate purpose of persuading his hearers to sign the pledge nothing can be more admirably suited than this extraordinary style of speech. When a man who has begun to love the dram-shop sees the final effect of his passion upon himself and his family depicted with terrible power before his eyes—forced home upon his imagination so that it haunts him and frightens him—he will not stay to reason or dally, but will hurry to seize the pen, as if the signature of his name had secured him against temptation itself. A man who has this power over others, and exerts it to their welfare and the peace of society, is certainly a human benefactor. Before this immense consideration his comparative claims as an orator disappear, and only the man whom other generations will bless remains.

THE EDITORIAL SNUG.

ANY philosophic Lounger who reads the papers regularly must often feel disposed to remind them of an invariable rule, namely, that familiarity breeds contempt. If you print every thing in capitals, capitals presently cease to be impressive. If you "double lead," and crowd with all kinds of exclamation points, every other kind of point is inevitably lost. When every possible event is a tremendous forerunner of tremendous consequences nobody believes in any thing tremendous. You have defeated your own purpose.

Moreover, it is well sometimes to remember that the people of this country are tolerably intelligent, and know a little of their own affairs. Being thus intelligent, when their neighbor, who thrives by creating excitements and sensations, thrusts into his paper an article bristling with interjections and solemn warnings and lugubrious prophecies, the good people smile at the effort of their worthy neighbor, and congratulate him upon his enterprise in trade. But as to being frightened by his terrific performance—that is another thing. They see the innocent face of Snug the Joiner behind this fearful roaring and raging lion; and they know that the active little Snug is doing a sly bit of business strictly in the line of his trade.

When Snug informs us that the terrible running off the track of the Snugville freight and accommodation train is but a sign in advance of the total ruin of the wheat crop, and prints it all in staring lines and capitals, it would have an alarming appearance, and inspire terror for five minutes, except for the consoling fact that Snug has treated us to the same dish any time these ten years. We can't get up the appetite, with the best will in the world. Thank you, we had such a large piece yesterday that, really, you must excuse us. And Snug, after all, is not so good a business-man as you might suppose, for in the very same paper which contains the woeful prediction he proudly challenges a comparison between ours and the wheat-fields of all the world.

Be moderate, therefore, in your pleasures, you slyest of all sly Snugs. In the vulgar, *not too steep!* There is going to be some wheat yet.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

IN the second series of Leech's "Pictures of Life and Character," there is one which represents good little boy just entering the dentist's dreadful door. At the same moment naughty street-boy number one says to naughty street-boy number two,

"Oh! I wouldn't be 'im. Won't there be a SCR-E-W-A-U-N-C-H neether?"

That is the expression which naturally arises to the lips upon beholding an American book about to be judged by John Bull, Doctor of Literary Law. The book deserves the sympathy of all compassionate souls. Won't there be a scr-e-w-a-u-n-c-h neether!

Yet that process is held to be good for the mouth and for the general system. It is good, we are told in tender years, to go to the dentist. By discipline we are purified; and by intense torture the teeth are kept in tolerable order. Doctor Bull has been lately taking an entire class of Americans in hand for treatment, and has published the results of his diagnosis. The class is no other than the American novelists; and the text is a pair of novels lately published in New York. One of them enjoys very great popular favor at the present time, and has received almost unqualified praise from the papers. As the public knows what it likes and why, it will not be sorry to hear Doctor Bull's opinion of the last conspicuous American novel, which includes all offenders of the same kind. Now for the scr-e-w-a-u-n-c-h:

> "American writers are very susceptible to impressions from the books they read, but they are not able to absorb and assimilate the emotions produced upon them. Writers of fiction are in the transitional stage of wishing to imitate the works which have caused them pleasure—to reproduce something similar. American novelists do not draw on their own souls for inspiration; they are roused by the utterance of others, but their own emotions are not yet tranquilized into knowledge. When they have to describe a crisis of fate, or to deal with a phase of strong passion, they prefer to do so by a quotation or by an allusion to some passage in another author who has expressed what they wish to say. They do not draw simply and trustfully upon their own consciousness of what is. The result of this is an unreal, borrowed, artificial manner, as of persons who find themselves in a society where they are not sure of the appropriate manners and customs. There is an incessant restlessness, an uneasy self-consciousness, an ambitious display of fine things, without any definite purpose to be served by them beyond the intention to let the reader see how clever the author is! The American novels we have recently seen are remarkable for their undisciplined force of style, their profusion of richly-colored epithets which are used to describe any thing and every thing—colors, thoughts, feelings, opinions, or external scenery, dresses, and decorations. The language is generally at a high pitch of rhetoric, and though sometimes eloquent, is more frequently an unpruned overgrowth of high-sounding words. There is an evident striving after an ideal, it is true; but that ideal is generally the stuff out of which French novels are made, rather than an effort to catch the 'sense of inward things' stirring in their own soul, and which may be discerned by 'that light which lighteth every man,' if he will only watch for it. Instead of the simple utterance of one heart speaking to another, there is a bright kaleidoscope of thoughts and ideas picked up out of books the author has read and admired. The works which have influenced the authors seem to be chiefly of the emotional kind. There is little trace of hard reading or severe study; no deposit from the labor of past years, when to learn was the object, without any further aim than to know. Hasty, vivid, emotional, are the characteristics of American fiction. It is an unripened fruit—but although there is little nourishment to get out of it for the soul of the reader at present, it may, and we expect will, grow into a better thing. The two works at the head of our article are examples of our remarks.—'Rutledge' is something between a French novel and one of Miss Sewell's stories—an odd mixture! There is a constant strain to be romantic, which the author seems to think consists in giving the hero 'some blighting remembrance,' and an apartment locked up and never entered since some fatal night many years before the story commences. It is an egotistic story, remarkable only for the self-conceit and arrogance of the heroine, who narrates her own history throughout with a sublime persuasion that she is wiser and better than every body else in the book. She seems to be willful for the mere sake of being perverse; and makes herself miserable for no earthly motive, unless it were to torment the worthy man, the hero, to see if she could weary him out, though in the last page she owns to having loved him all along."

Doctor Bull speaks approvingly of the "Household of Bouverie," but not without a great many ifs and buts.

A KINGSTON GIRL TO THE YANKEE GIRLS.

A PATRIOTIC and indignant "Kingston girl" writes to the Lounger correcting some aspersions, as she thinks them, upon the Prince of Wales. She also says some sharp things about the Orangemen, which the Lounger hopes that body will not remember in wrath against his correspondent:

> "It is stated that his Royal Highness burst into tears [on account of the troubles at Kingston]. Now that is not true, Mr. Lounger. He felt sorry and displeased that circumstances were as they were; but he did not shed a *tear* on the subject. The story was originated by those dreadful Orangemen, and was not worth repeating. I only take the trouble to contradict it because I do not wish the 'Yankee girls' to think our Prince is such a baby. But the Duke of Newcastle—oh! Mr. Lounger, let them look out for *him*; he is as *hateful* as the Prince is *sweet*. Only think, when we went out in boats and tried to catch a glimpse of the Royal young lion,' having never seen one before, the Duke would scarcely allow him to come out on the deck of the *Kingston* to answer the cheers of thousands who were not those obnoxious Orangemen. Hoping you will see that the error is corrected, I remain,
>
> "Yours sincerely, A KINGSTON GIRL."

THE RIGHTS OF RAILROAD OFFICERS.

Two or three weeks since the Lounger published a somewhat peevish note from a traveler who thought he had been sadly used by the officers of some railroad, and the Lounger added a little moralizing. To-day he has a reply to the very point. It reminds him to remind the "traveling public" that they have duties as well as the officers of the railroads, and that the man outside the office should be as patient and polite as the man inside. Yes, and even more so, if you press the point, because the insider is marked, and can be identified for his shortcomings; but the outsider may swell and swear and bully, and then shelter himself in his namelessness. "Railroader" has a great deal of right upon his side.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS, Sept., 1860.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—In your columns this week I perceive a dash at railroad ticket agents, and you intimate that a man who won't patiently submit to be bored and *re*bored by every body has no business in such a situation. Friend L. listen!

Yesterday a man, who *looked* as though he ought to have been a gentleman, propounded to your humble servant the following questions, and received the following replies three separate and several times within the space of fifteen minutes.

Q. "What time does the next train leave for Chicago?"
A. "Half past five this afternoon."
Q. "Isn't there any train sooner than that?"
A. "No, Sir."
Q. "What time does it get there?"
A. "At six o'clock in the morning."
Q. "What time is it now?" (N.B. Individual standing facing a large railroad clock.)
A. "Three o'clock."
Q. "How long before the train starts?"
A. "Two hours and a half."
Q. "What's the fare?"
A. "Eight dollars."
Q. "Can't you give *me* a ticket for less? I hain't got much change."
A. "Eight dollars is the lowest rate."

He finally went away intimating he didn't believe a word of it.

My equanimity was unruffled that time, but I am not always so fortunate. I assure you there is scarcely ever a day when similar or more provoking scenes do not transpire at every ticket office with which I am acquainted.

Now where is the son of Adam who will blame a ticket agent for "cutting up" these bores occasionally?

Mr. Lounger please to state what would be your frame of mind under similar and oft-repeated inflictions.

The truth is, the majority of the traveling public are agreeable persons, but a portion of them are any thing else. Traveling is a weary, tiresome business, and to many persons are disposed to relieve the monotony by venting their pettishness upon railroad officials.

Railroaders are not worse tempered than any other class of men, while few have greater provocations.

Please to reflect upon this side of the question a little, my friend. Very truly, *your* friend,

"RAILROADER."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LADIES' HUNTING SONG.

BRIGHT MADELINE skips like a fawn,
  Grace from her book is torn;
Pa checks his far too frequent yawn,
  Alone I sit forlorn.
Girls round the handsome Cornet throng,
  To catch that sparkling eye;
Be mine the nobler task by song
  To win his ardent sigh.
With a heigh-ho, Minnie!
  Alas! no glance, I win—he
Still ogles like a Ninny,
  Those girls so tall and thin—he
      Won't look this way,
      Though loud I play,
  "*Good-by, Sweet-heart, good-by!*"
  With tuneful art I grace my song
To wake his ardent sigh.

In fancied wreath of laurel crowned
  I mark his brow so pale,
And muse on his mustache renowned
  For thereby hangs a tale.
Some whisper and with accent strong,
  He'd for his country *dye;*
Let martial airs then, aid my song
  To win his ardent sigh.
    With a heigh-ho, etc.

Poor me! why did my heart adore
  A beau in gilded lace,
I'll be a silly belle no more,
  But hide my burning face.
Girls! if you'd not be single long,
  Some other measure try,
And learn by sweeter notes than song
  To win a Cornet's sigh.
    With a heigh-ho! etc.

SUDORIFIC POPERY.—A blasphemous rogue of a Roman Catholic priest at Naples attempted to create a diversion in young Bomba's favor at the last moment by getting up a miracle, consisting in the perspiration of an image meant for the Virgin. The hoax of the "sweating Virgin" was exposed; as will, let us hope, be the humbug of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. What was the object of the priest in "sweating" the statue, beyond that of creating vague terror and alarm among the Lazaroni, it is not easy to understand. Such a prodigy would most naturally be interpreted into a hint to the Bourbon that Naples was getting too hot to hold him, or else to consider where he expected to go to, lest his ultimate destination should be a place where such monsters of wickedness, as the porter in "Macbeth" says, have to "sweat for it."

THE WORLD KNOWS NOTHING OF ITS GREATEST MEN.—The man who invented the corkscrew (and his name is lost in the fogs of obscurity—such is the base ingratitude of this world!) may be said to be almost as great a man as Hervey; it is true that the latter genius discovered the circulation of the blood, but hasn't the invention of the former tended more than any thing else to promote the circulation of the Bottle?

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—In this country they are making a Lion out of Wales!

THE BEST FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—To mend the linen of forlorn Old Bachelors.

When a man gets a colic by eating too much he deserves to be laughed at for his pains.

The man who confines himself to the drink best for him is *well*-supplied.

On an Irish trial the counsel was desired to obtain an admission from a witness of the Crown that, having himself been one of the sworn members of the league, he had been bribed to become a spy on the others. Having vainly labored for nearly an hour to get a reply, he said,

"Come now, Sir, did you not come direct from these men to Dublin on Monday last?"

"I did so," promptly answered the witness.

"Well, Sir, that is direct at all events. Now, Sir, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, what motive brought you here?"

"The *loco*-motive, to be sure."

A punster, passing by the shop of a certain Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be As-well without the T.

It has been found by oculists that when a person has only one eye it is invariably the *left* one.

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be a rather a rough one, decided on putting the shoes under his arm, and walking home barefooted. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as clean as a whistle. "How lucky!" he exclaimed. "What a tremendous kick that would have been for the shoes!"

"My friend," said a hotel keeper to an over-voracious boarder, "you eat so much I shall charge you an extra half crown."

"An extra half crown!" replied his boarder, with his countenance the very picture of pain. "For goodness' sake, don't do that! I'm almost dead now eating three half crown's worth; and if you put on an extra half crown I shall certainly burst—I shall!"

Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover."

"This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient.

"Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

The Sunderland Rifle Corps marched to Ryhope the other evening, accompanied, as is always the case on similar occasions, by numbers of young ladies. One of the gallant corps attempted to, and, in fact, succeeded in, putting his arm round the taper waist of one of the young ladies, but was instantly called to order by Corporal D——. "Private S——," he said, "Government didn't provide you with *arms* for that purpose." The young lady, being left to herself, "marched easy."

The Rev. F. Coyle, in a lecture on Memory, instanced stage-drivers, whose memory of the orders and directions given them is remarkable. He once rode outside with the owner and driver of a stage, when the driver could not have had fewer than fifty parcels and messages to deliver by the way. But he was at a loss—he knew he had forgotten to deliver one parcel, but he could not possibly remember what it was. At length the stage arrived at his own door, when the children came rushing out to welcome him.

"But where (asked the youngsters) did you leave mother?"

"May I be woolly diddled if I haven't forgot Sal!"

That was the missing parcel.

A gentleman, having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came, and left his traces there." What became of the rest of the harness he don't state.

Every plain girl has one consolation; though not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

If a merchant manages to get his stock without paying for it, you had better not believe him when he advertises to sell under cost.

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

Mary asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?"

"The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

A marquis said to a financier, "I would have you to know that I am a man of quality."

"And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

A wise man said that there is but one perfect woman at a time upon the earth. Many a man *thinks* that he has got her, but the really lucky fellow *knows* that he has.

It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is often a great deal more than the body in value, and full five times as much in circumference.

Wit's best function is to minister to wisdom.

It is a current belief that a wolf is never more dangerous than when he feels *sheepish.*

Why is any thing reconsidered accounted "profitable?"—Because it is considered a-gain.

"Were you ever abroad?"—"Not exactly, but my mother's maiden name was French."

Lovers have more occasion than any other class of persons to talk pathetically about *the lost 'arts.*

It may be a question—Which has the most formidable horns—an ox, a buffalo, or a dilemma?

We must not undervalue physicians. Perhaps the fabric of society would fall without them—they are its *pillers.*

It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks enter the water for *divers* reasons, and come out for *sun-dry* motives.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid animals, yet it always dies game!" Why shouldn't it, when it is made game of?

An eminent teetotaler would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a 'Art Union.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

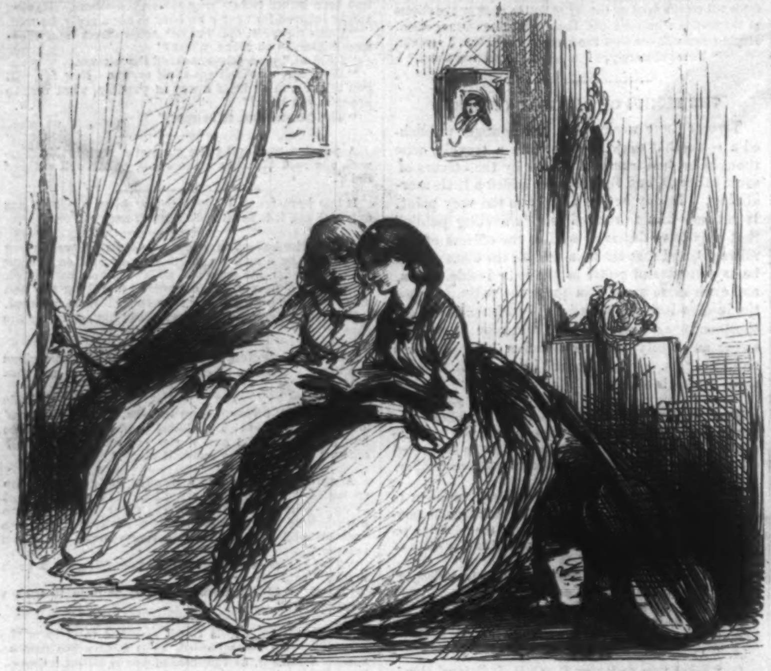
Some old bachelor probably wrote the following:

"'Twixt women and wine
  Man's lot is to smart;
'Tis wine make his head ache,
  And women his heart."

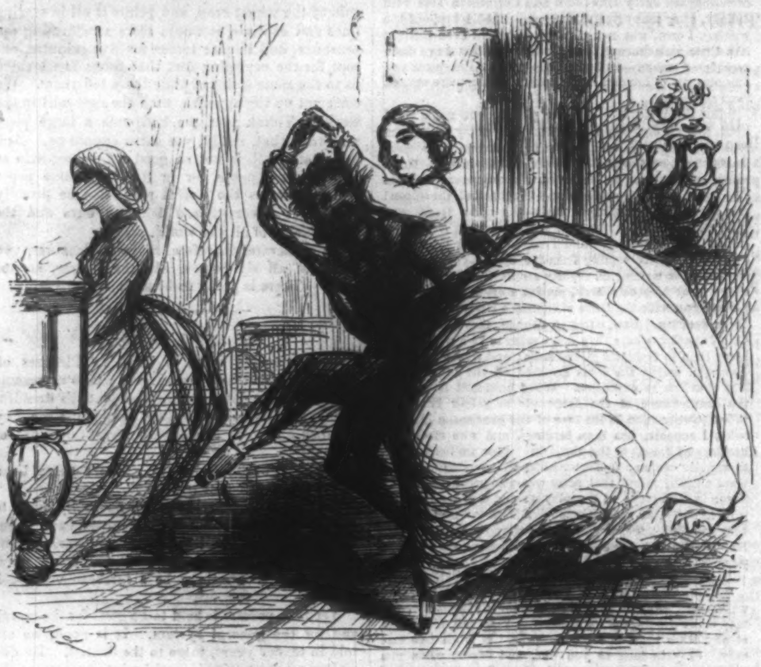
"What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?"

"Nothing, Sir; it is not remarkable."

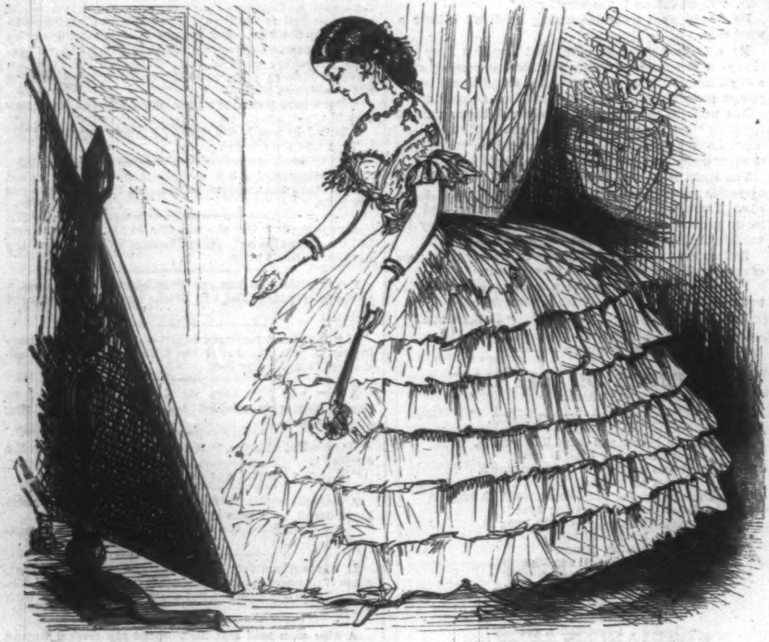
THE PRINCE AND THE LADIES.



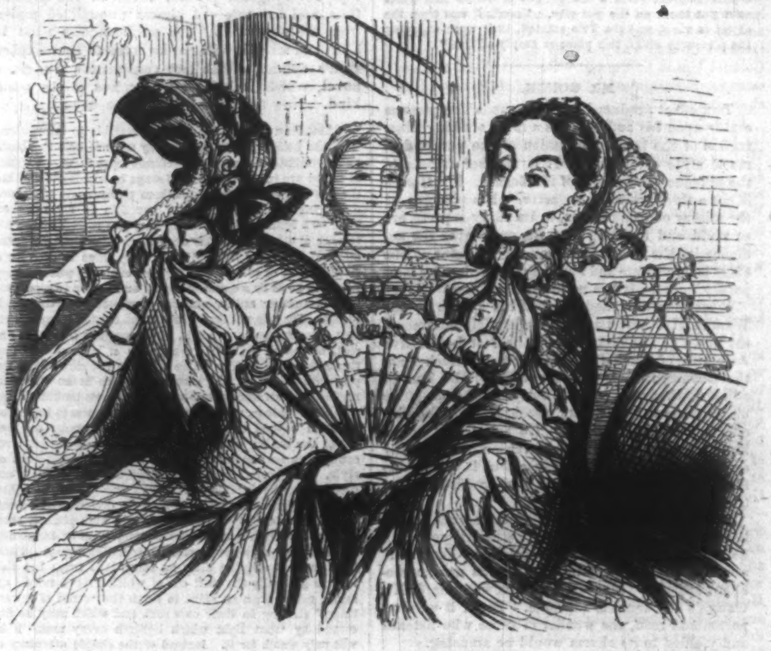
Emily reads: "The number of British Princes who have married commoners is very large indeed, and any virtuous and amiable girl may become the wife of a member of the Royal Family. The Duke of Clarence married Mrs. Jordan, George the Fourth married Mrs. Fitzherbert, James married Ann Hyde—" Now Mary, I ask you, why should not—?



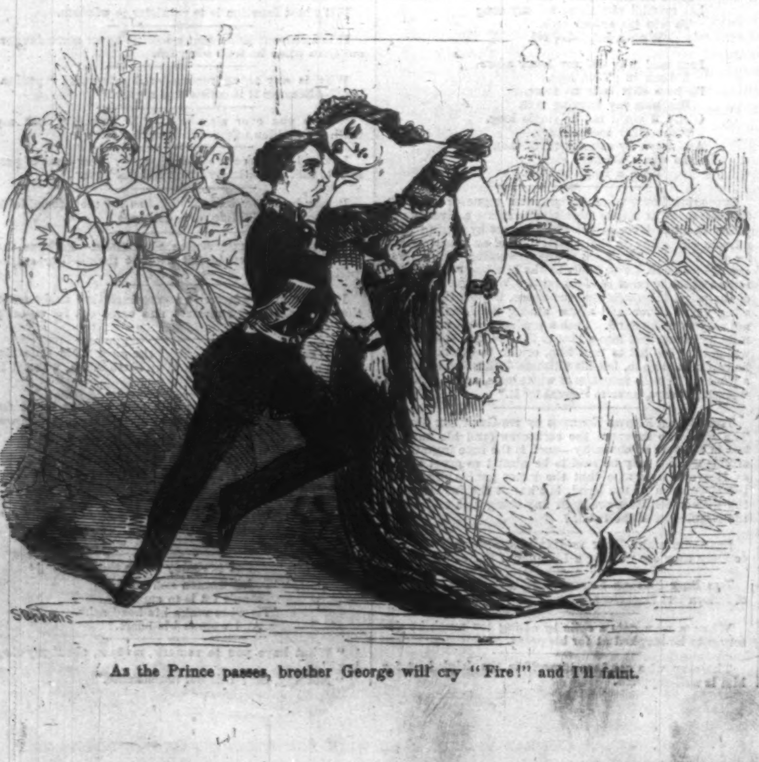
Clara has heard that the Prince is rather violent in his style of dancing, and throws his legs about *à l'anglaise.* She practices accordingly with her brother Tom, who learned the "*pas,*" he says, at Paris.



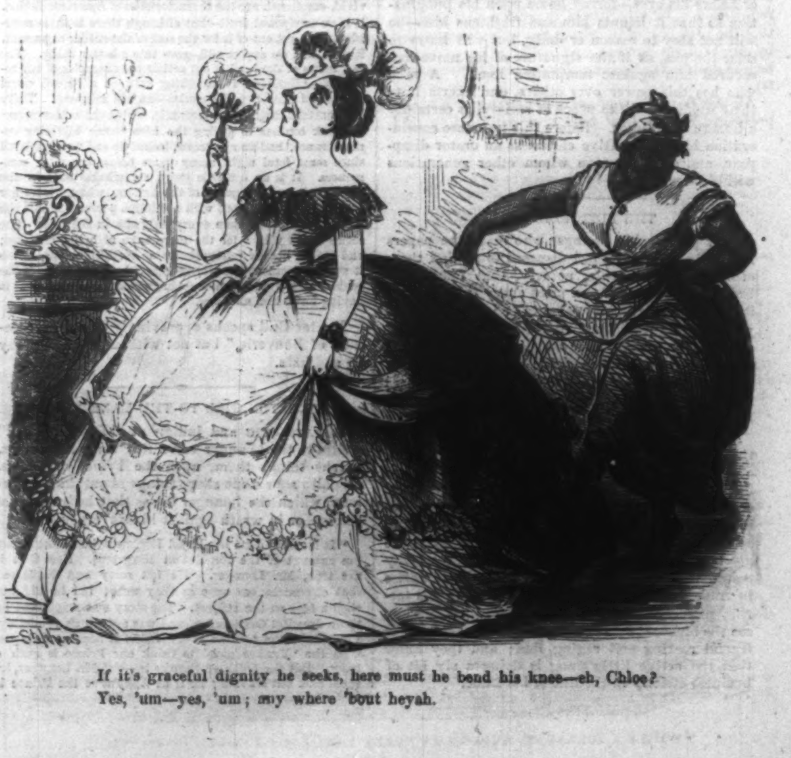
Sophy is not going to be taken by surprise by any future occurrences, and rehearses carefully before a glass—"Yes, dearest Albert Edward, if I only believed you were sincere—"



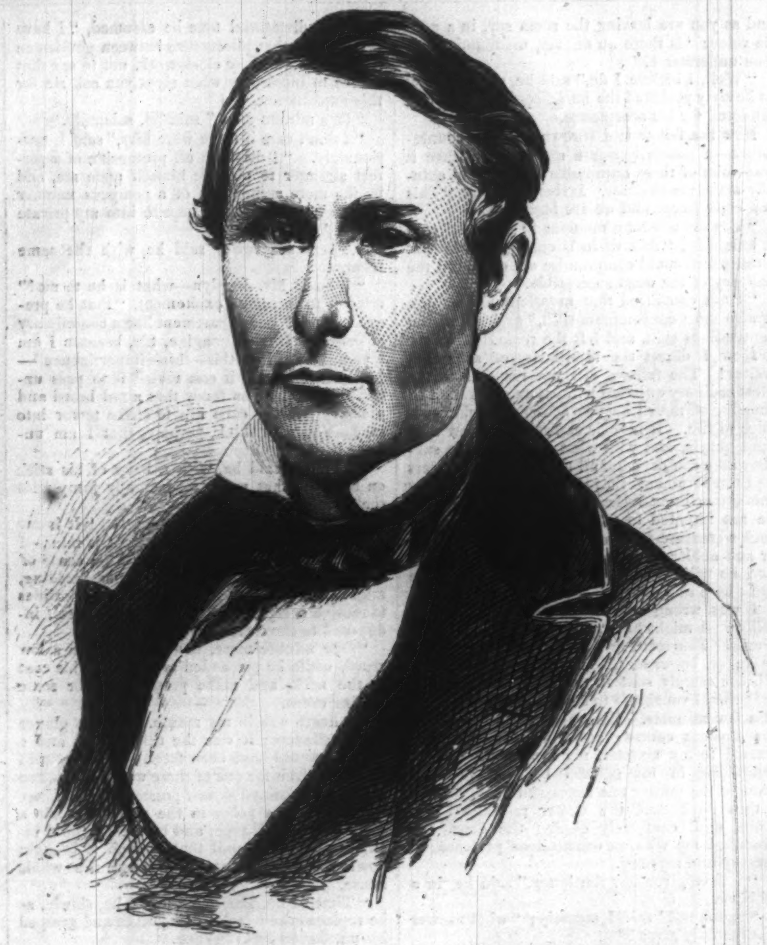
Our sweet friend **Arabella** thinks she's captivating, and that the Prince will be sure to notice her; but Mary feels confident that the $100 she has just laid out in that new bonnet has dashed Arabella's hopes forever. If the Prince is not struck by that bonnet, the sooner he goes home the better.



As the Prince passes, brother George will cry "Fire!" and I'll faint.



If it's graceful dignity he seeks, here must he bend his knee—eh, Chloe?
Yes, 'um—yes, 'um; any where 'bout heyah.



THE LATE GENERAL WALKER, THE FILIBUSTER.

THE LATE GENERAL WALKER.

WE publish herewith, as matter of history, the portrait of the famous filibuster Walker, who was executed in Honduras on 12th ult. His life had been eventful and romantic.

He was only thirty-six years old when he died. Born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1824, he was bred a lawyer: his father, a Scotch banker, occupied a prominent position in society, and enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. The son was a scape-grace. He failed as a lawyer; tried medicine, and achieved no particular success in that profession; finally fell back on the press, and so, in 1851, at the dawn of civilization on the Pacific slopes, he looms up as the editor of a paper at San Francisco.

It seems likely that the unsettled and turbulent temper of the people with whom he lived shaped the uncertain aspirations of William Walker. He had not been very long in California, and was doing a good business, when he suddenly crossed the frontier, and, squatting on some unoccupied land in Northern Mexico, proclaimed "an independent Republic of Lower California." This farce did not last long. There was a stir among the Mexican authorities, and an appearance of vigilance among the United States troops; but the point of the struggle was that the "independent Republic" and her newly-constituted rulers had nothing to eat. Walker surrendered himself and his party to a revenue officer of the United States, went through the form of a trial, and was promptly acquitted. At that day filibusterism was all the rage.

Not cured by experience, but rather encouraged by the sympathy his not very glorious exploits had won, Walker two years afterward undertook his second filibustering affray. The Democrats of Nicaragua offered him twenty thousand acres of land to fight on their side against the aristocratic party. A similar offer led Sir De Lacy Evans to fight against the Carlists in Spain, General Guyon to take a command in the Hungarian army of independence, Lord Cochrane to take a leading command in South America; Lafayette and Steuben fought for less in the United States, General Church was satisfied with less in Greece, Colonel Upton in Russia. General Walker made some further stipulations on behalf of his men, then chartered his vessel.

Five years ago last May that vessel, the *Vesta*, lay in the harbor of San Francisco, with General Walker and fifty-six men on board. She was under seizure. A deputy-sheriff's officer had possession. At midnight on Monday, the 4th May, Walker requested the sheriff's officer to step below to examine some documents in the cabin. The unsuspecting official complied. The door shut, he was informed that he was a prisoner.

"There, Sir," said Walker, in a slow, drawling voice, "are cigars and Champagne; and there are handcuffs and irons. Pray take your choice."

The deputy, a sensible man, took the former, and was in a very happy frame of mind when he was put on board the steam-tug to be taken back to the scene of his official duties. In the month of June General Walker arrived in Nicaragua. The Serviles were prepared in force to resist him; he fought a battle every three weeks. The capture of Granada was quickly followed by the massacre at Virgin Bay, and the necessary inauguration of General Walker's power in Nicaragua.

In the course of a short while a treaty of peace was signed between the contending forces; a native named Patricio Rivas was appointed President, and Walker General-in-chief of the army. This was the culminating moment of Walker's career. He held the real power in the Government of Nicaragua, Rivas being simply his tool. He had a fine transit route in full operation, which brought him hundreds of immigrants every month. Great Britain and the United States, sick of the unsuccessful endeavors of the Spanish Americans to establish stable governments, were both ready to recognize and support him. In this country especially every one was in his favor; he could have obtained money and men to any extent on a mere requisition. Finally, there is reason to believe that the best people in Nicaragua were fascinated by his brilliant success, and really believed that he was destined to be the regenerator of their country.

All this fair edifice of present power and future prospects Walker now proceeded deliberately to destroy. He shot Corral, his old foe, the head of the Serviles—a Central American gentleman of high standing—charging him with having plotted against the government they had combined together to establish. He revoked, without cause, the transit grant to the Nicaragua Company, and seized steamers belonging to American citizens, thus shutting himself and his new country out from the world, and closing the door to immigration. He made war upon Costa Rica, and managed matters so badly that his troops were beaten at the first encounter. He lost patience with Rivas, dismissed him, and usurped the Presidency. From that moment to the close of the Nicaraguan campaign his history was one of defeat, disaster, disappointment, and distress. The Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans combined against him; drove him from place to place, and at last so beleaguered him that, had it not been for the presence of an American sloop of war, which received him and his followers on board, he must have perished then and there. So ended the second filibustering expedition of Walker.

The third and fourth expeditions, both directed against Nicaragua, may be briefly disposed of. They were both ill-advised, and ill-planned; they both failed miserably; both would have terminated fatally for Walker and his followers but for the kindly interference of American and British vessels of war.

Walker's fifth and last filibustering raid was originally intended to be prosecuted against the famous Bay Islands which Great Britain is just ceding to Honduras. Several Anglo-Saxon residents of the islands had expressed unwillingness to be handed back to Honduras; Walker saw the opportunity of erecting a new independent empire. Unfortunately for him, Honduras foresaw his game, and requested Great Britain to delay the cession of the islands. Thus disappointed, Walker cruised about in the Bay of Honduras for some weeks, literally seeking what he might devour, and finally, to his ruin, fell upon Truxillo. Forced to evacuate this place by the British war vessel *Icarus*, he was chased to bay by the Hondurenos; and refusing to claim either British or American protection, he died the death of a soldier at the hands of the Honduras authorities. The details of his execution will be found in the news columns.

Walker was undoubtedly a mischievous man, better out of the world than in it. He never displayed any constructive ability; his energies were wholly destructive. He was brave, persevering, and energetic; but he had little or no foresight, no compunctions of honor or conscience, and not a spark of human pity in his breast. His works, from first to last, have been injurious rather than beneficial to the world.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER XI.

I TAKE it for granted that all special "charities" have had their origin in some specific suffering. At least I can aver that my first thought on landing at Ostend was, Why has no great philanthropist thought of establishing such an institution as a Refuge for the Sea-sick? I declare this publicly, that if I ever become rich — a consummation which, looking to the general gentleness of my instincts, the wide benevolence of my nature, and the kindliness of my temperament, mankind might well rejoice at —if, I repeat, I ever become rich, one of the first uses of my affluence will be to endow such an establishment. I will place it in some one of our popular ports, say Southampton.—Surrounded with all the charms of inland scenery, rich in every rustic association, the patient shall never be reminded of the scene of his late sufferings. A velvety turf to stroll on, with a leafy shade above his head, the mellow lowing of cattle in his ears, and the fragrant odors of meadow-sweet and hawthorn around, I would recall the sufferer from the dread memories of the slippery deck, the sea-washed stairs, or the sleepy state-room. For the rattle of cordage, and the hoarse trumpet of the skipper, I would substitute the song of the thrush or the blackbird; and, instead of the thrice odious steward and his basin, I would have trim maidens of aspect pleasing to serve him with syllabubs. I will not go on to say the hundred devices I would employ to cheat memory out of a gloomy record, for I treasure the hope that I may yet live to carry out my theory and have a copyright in my invention.

It was with sentiments deeply tinctured by the above that I tottered, rather than walked, toward the Hotel Royal. It was a bright moonlight night, and, as if in mockery of the weather outside, as still and calm as might be. Many a picturesque effect of light and shade met me as I went: quaint old gables flaring in a strong flood of moonlight showed outlines the strangest and oddest; twinkling lamps shone out of tall, dark-sided old houses, from which strains of music came plaintively enough in the night air; the sounds of a prolonged revel rose loudly out of that deep-pillared chateau-like building in the Place, and in the quiet alley adjoining I could catch the low song of a mother as she tried to sing her baby to sleep. It was all human in every touch and strain of it. And did I not drink it in with rapture? Was it not in a transport of gratitude that I thanked Fortune for once again restoring me to land? "O Earth, Earth!" says the Greek poet, "how art thou interwoven with that nature that first came from thee!" Thus musing, I reached the inn, where, although the hour was a late one, the household was all active and astir.

"Many passengers arrived, waiter?" said I, in the easy, careless voice of one who would not own to sea-sickness.

"Very few, Sir; the severe weather has deterred several from venturing across."

"Any ladies?"

"Only one, Sir; and, poor thing, she seems to have suffered fearfully. She had to be carried from the boat, and when she tried to walk up stairs she almost fainted. There might have been some agitation, however, in that, for she expected some one to have met her here; and when she heard that he had not arrived, she was completely overcome."

"Very sad, indeed," said I, examining the carte for supper.

"Oh yes, Sir; and being in deep mourning, too, and a stranger away for the first time from her country."

I started, and felt my heart bounding against my side.

"What was it you said about deep mourning, and being young and beautiful?" asked I, eagerly.

"Only the mourning, Sir — it was only the mourning I mentioned; for she kept her vail close down, and would not suffer her face to be seen."

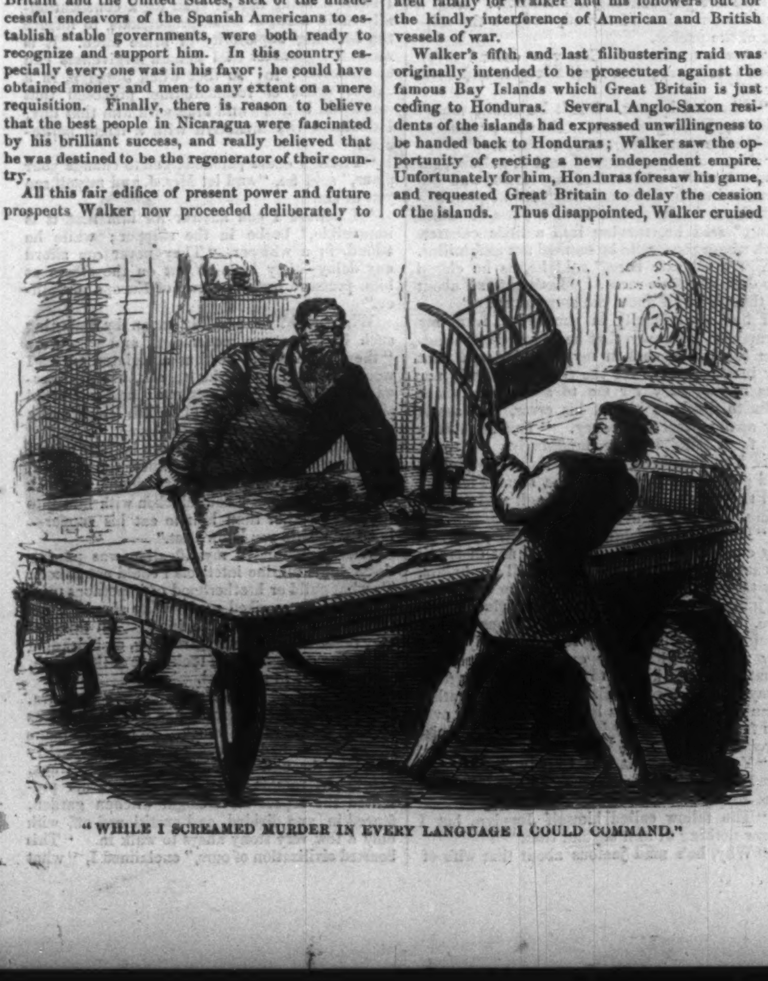
"Bashful as beautiful! modest as she is fair!" muttered I. "Do you happen to know whither she is going?"

"Yes, Sir; her luggage is marked 'Brussels.'"

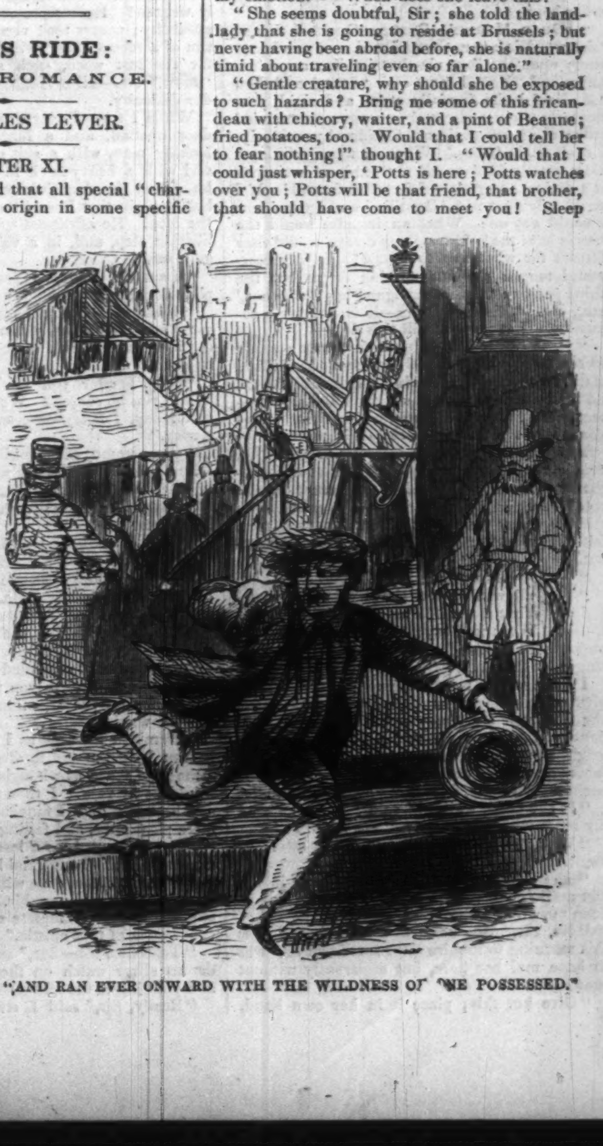
"It is she! It is herself!" cried I, in rapture, as I turned away, lest the fellow should notice my emotion. "When does she leave this?"

"She seems doubtful, Sir; she told the landlady that she is going to reside at Brussels; but never having been abroad before, she is naturally timid about traveling even so far alone."

"Gentle creature, why should she be exposed to such hazards? Bring me some of this fricandeau with chicory, waiter, and a pint of Beaune; fried potatoes, too. Would that I could tell her to fear nothing!" thought I. "Would that I could just whisper, 'Potts is here; Potts watches over you; Potts will be that friend, that brother, that should have come to meet you! Sleep



"WHILE I SCREAMED MURDER IN EVERY LANGUAGE I COULD COMMAND."



"AND RAN EVER ONWARD WITH THE WILDNESS OF ONE POSSESSED."

soundly, and with a head at ease. You are neither friendless nor forsaken!'" I feel I must be naturally a creature of benevolent instincts; for I am never so truly happy as when engaged in a work of kindness. Let me but suggest to myself a labor of charity, some occasion to sorrow with the afflicted, to rally the weak-hearted and to succor the wretched, and I am infinitely more delighted than by all the blandishments of what is called "society." Men have their allotted parts in life, just as certain fruits are meet for certain climates. Mine was the grand comforting line. Nature meant me for a consoler. I have none of those impulsive temperaments which make what are called jolly fellows. I have no taste for those excesses which go by the name of conviviality. I can, it is true, be witty, anecdotic, and agreeable; I can spice conversation with epigram, and illustrate argument by apt example; but my forte is tenderness.

"Is not this veal a little tough, waiter?" said I, in gentle remonstrance.

"Monsieur is right," said he, bowing; "but if a morsel of cold pheasant would be acceptable—mademoiselle, the lady in mourning, has just taken a wing of it—"

"Bring it directly. Oh, ecstasy of ecstasies! We are then, as it were, supping together—served from the same dish! May I have the honor?" said I, filling out a glass of wine and bowing respectfully, and with an air of deep devotion, across the table. The pheasant was exquisite, and I ate with an epicurean enjoyment. I called for another pint of Beaune, too. It was an occasion for some indulgence, and I could not deny myself. No sooner had the waiter left me alone than I burst into an expansive acknowledgment of my happiness. "Yes, Potts," said I, "you are richer in that temperament of yours than if you owned half California. That boundless wealth of good intentions is a well no pumping can exhaust. Go on, doing imaginary good forever. You are never the poorer for all the orphans you support, all the distresses you relieve. You rescue the mariner from shipwreck without wetting your feet. You charge at the head of a squadron without the peril of a scratch. All blessed be the gift which can do these things!"

You call these delusions; but is it a delusion to be a king, to deliver a people from slavery, to carry succor to a drowning crew? I have done all of these; that is, I have gone through every changeful mood of hope and fear that accompanies these actions, sipping my glass of Beaune between whiles.

When I found myself in my bedroom I had no inclination for sleep, I was in a mood of enjoyment too elevated for mere repose. It was so delightful to be no longer at sea, to feel rescued from the miseries of the rocking ship and the rocking cabin, that I would not lose the rapture by forgetfulness. I was in the mood for great things, too, if I only knew what they were to be. "Ah!" thought I, suddenly, "I will write to *her*. She shall know that she is not the friendless and forsaken creature that she deems herself; she shall hear that, though separated from home, friends, and country, there is one near to watch over and protect her; and that Potts devotes himself to her service." I opened my desk, and in all the impatience of my ardor began:

"'DEAR MADAM'—Quære: Ought I to say 'dear?' We are not acquainted, and can I presume upon the formula that implies acquaintanceship? No. I must omit 'dear;' and then 'Madam' looks fearfully stern and rigid, particularly when addressed to a young unmarried lady; she is certainly not 'Madam' yet, surely. I can't begin 'Miss.' What a language is ours! How cruelly fatal to all the tenderer emotions is a dialect so matter-of-fact and formal! If I could only start with 'Gentilissima Signora' how I could get on! What an impulse would the words lend me! What 'way on me' would they impart for what was to follow! In our cast-metal tongue there is nothing for it but the third person: 'The undersigned has the honor,' etc., etc. This is chilling—it is positively repulsive. Let me see, will this do?—

"'The gentleman who was fortunate enough to render you some trivial service at the Milford station two days ago, having accidentally learned that you are here and unprovided with a protector, in all humility offers himself to afford you every aid and counsel in his power. No stranger to the touching interests of your life, deeply sensible of the delicacy that should surround your steps, if you deign to accept his devoted services, he will endeavor to prove himself, by every sentiment of respect, your most faithful, most humble, and most grateful servant.

"'P.S.—His name is Potts.'

"Yes, all will do but the confounded postscript. What a terrible bathos—'His name is Potts!' What if I say: 'One line of reply is requested, addressed to Algernon Sydney Pottinger, at this hotel?'"

I made a great many copies of this document, always changing something as I went. I felt the importance of every word, and fastidiously pondered over each expression I employed. The bright sun of morning broke in at last upon my labors and found me still at my desk, still composing. All done, I lay down and slept soundly.

"Is she gone, waiter?" said I, as he entered my room with hot water. "Is she gone?"

"Who, Sir?" asked he, in some astonishment.

"The lady in black, who came over in the last mail packet from Dover; the young lady in deep mourning, who arrived all alone."

"No, Sir. She has sent all round the hotels this morning to inquire after some one who was to have met her here, but apparently without success."

"Give her this; place it in her own hand, and as you are leaving the room say, in a gentle voice: 'Is there an answer, mademoiselle?' You understand?"

"Well, I believe I do," said he, significantly, as he slyly pocketed the half-Napoleon fee I had tendered for his acceptance.

Now the fellow had thrown into his countenance—a painfully astute and cunning face it was—one of those expressive looks which actually made me shudder. It seemed to say, "This is a conspiracy, and we are both in it."

"You are not for a moment to suppose," said I, hurriedly, "that there is one syllable in that letter which could compromise *me*, or wound the delicacy of the most susceptible."

"I am convinced that monsieur has written it with most consummate skill," said he, with a supercilious grin, and left the room.

How I detest the familiarity of a foreign waiter! The fellows can not respond to the most ordinary question without an affectation of showing off their immense acuteness and knowledge of life. It is their eternal boast how they read people, and with what an instinctive subtlety they can decipher all the various characters and temperaments that pass before them. Now this impertinent lackey, who is to say what has he not imputed to me? Utterly incapable as such a creature must necessarily be of the higher and nobler motives that sway men of my order, he will doubtless have ascribed to me the most base and degenerate motives.

I was wrong in speaking one word to the fellow. I might have said, "Take that note to Number Fourteen, and ask if there be an answer; or, better still, if I had never written at all, but merely sent in my card to ask if the lady would vouchsafe to accord me an audience of a few minutes. Yes, such would have been the discreet course; and then I might have trusted to my manner, my tact, and a certain something in my general bearing, to have brought the matter to a successful issue. While I thus meditated, the waiter re-entered the room, and, cautiously closing the door, approached me with an ostentatious pretense of secrecy and mystery.

"I have given her the letter," said he, in a whisper.

"Speak up!" said I, severely; "what answer has the lady given?"

"I think you'll get the answer presently," said he, with a sort of grin that actually thrilled through me.

"You may leave the room," said I, with dignity, for I saw how the fellow was actually reveling in the enjoyment of my confusion.

"They were reading it over together for the third time when I came away," said he, with a most peculiar look.

"Whom do you mean? who are they that you speak of?"

"The gentleman that she was expecting. He came by the 9.40 train from Brussels. Just in time for your note." As the wretch uttered these words, a violent ringing of bells resounded along the corridor, and he rushed out without waiting for more.

I turned in haste to my note-book; various copies of my letter were there, and I was eager to recall the expressions I had employed in addressing her. Good Heavens! what had I really written? Here were scraps of all sorts of absurdity; poetry too! verses to the "Fair Victim of a recent War," with a number of rhymes for the last word, such as "low," "snow," "mow," etc.—all evidences of composition under difficulty.

While I turned over these rough copies the door opened, and a large, red-faced, stern-looking man, with a suit of red-brown tweed, and with a heavy stick in his hand, entered; he closed the door leisurely after him, and I half thought that I saw him also turn the key in the lock. He advanced toward me with a deliberate step, and, in a voice measured as his gait, said,

"I am Mr. Jopplyn, Sir—I am Mr. Christopher Jopplyn."

"I am charmed to hear it, Sir," said I, in some confusion; for, without the vaguest conception of wherefore, I suspected lowering weather ahead.

"May I offer you a chair, Mr. Jopplyn? Won't you be seated? We are going to have a lovely day, I fancy—a great change after yesterday."

"Your name, Sir," said he, in the same solemnity as before, "your name I apprehend to be Porringer?"

"Pottinger, if you permit me; Pottinger, not Porringer."

"It shall be as you say, Sir; I am indifferent what you call yourself." He heaved something that sounded like a hoarse sigh, and proceeded: "I have come to settle a small account that stands between us. Is that document your writing?" As he said this, he drew, rather theatrically, from his breast-pocket the letter I had just written, and extended it toward me. "I ask, Sir—and I mean you to understand that I will suffer no prevarication—is that document in your writing?"

I trembled all over as I took it, and for an instant I determined to disavow it; but in the same brief space I bethought me that my denial would be in vain. I then tried to look boldly, and brazen it out; I fancied to laugh it off as a mere pleasantry, and failing in courage for each of these, I essayed, as a last resource, the argumentative and discussional line, and said,

"If you will favor me with an indulgent hearing for a few minutes, Mr. Jopplyn, I trust to explain, to your complete satisfaction, the circumstances of that epistle."

"Take five, Sir—five," said he, laying a ponderous silver watch on the table as he spoke, and pointing to the minute-hand.

"Really, Sir," said I, stung by the peremptory and dictatorial tone he assumed, "I have yet to learn that intercourse between gentlemen is to be regulated by clock-work, not to say that I have to inquire by what right you ask me for this explanation."

"One minute gone," said he, solemnly.

"I don't care if there were fifty," said I, passionately. "I disclaim all pretension of a perfect stranger to obtrude himself upon me, and by the mere assumption of a pompous manner and an imposing air, to inquire into my private affairs."

"There are two!" said he, with the same solemnity.

"Who is Mr. Jopplyn—what is he to me?" cried I, in increased excitement, "that he presents himself in my apartment like a commissary of police? Do you imagine, Sir, because I am a young man, that this—this—impertinence"—Lord what a gulp it cost me—"is to pass unpunished? Do you fancy that a red beard and a heavy walking-cane are to strike terror into me? You may think, perhaps, that I am unarmed—"

"Three!" said he, with a bang of his stick on the floor that made me actually jump with the stick.

"Leave the room, Sir," said I. "It is my pleasure to be alone—the apartment is mine—I am the proprietor here. A very little sense of delicacy, a very small amount of good-breeding, might show you, that when a gentleman declines to receive company, when he shows himself indisposed to the society of strangers—"

"One minute more, now," said he, in a low growl, while he proceeded to button up his coat to the neck, and make preparation for some coming event.

My heart was in my mouth, I gave a glance at the window; it was the third story, and a leap out would have been fatal. What would I not have given for one of those weapons I had so proudly proclaimed myself possessed of! There was not even a poker in the room—I made a spring at the bell-rope, and before he could interpose, gave one pull that, though it brought down the cord, resounded through the whole house.

"Time is up, Porringer," said he, slowly, as he replaced the watch in his pocket and grasped his murderous-looking cane.

There was a large table in the room, and I intrenched myself at once behind this, armed with a light cane chair, while I screamed murder in every language I could command. Failing to reach me across the table, my assailant tried to dodge me by false starts, now at this side, now at that. Though a large fleshy man he was not inactive, and it required all my quickness to escape him. These manœuvres being unsuccessful, he very quickly placed a chair beside the table and mounted upon it. I now hurled my chair at him, he warded off the blow and rushed on; with one spring I bounded under the table, reappearing at the opposite side just as he had reached mine. This tactic we now pursued for several minutes, when my enemy suddenly changed his attack, and descending from the table he turned it on edge: the effort required strength. I seized the moment and reached the door; I tore it open in some fashion, gained the stairs—the court—the streets—and ran ever onward with the wildness of one possessed with no time for thought, nor any knowledge to guide; I turned left and right, choosing only the narrowest lanes that presented themselves, and at last came to a dead halt at an open drawbridge, where a crowd stood waiting to pass.

"How is this? What's all the hurry for? Where are you running this fashion?" cried a well-known voice. I turned, and saw the skipper of the packet.

"Are you armed? Can you defend me?" cried I, in terror; "or shall I leap in and swim for it?"

"I'll stand by you. Don't be afraid, man," said he, drawing my arm within his; "no one shall harm you. Were they robbers?"

"No, worse—assassins!" said I, gulping, for I was heartily ashamed of my terror, and determined to show "cause why" in the plural.

"Come in here, and have a glass of something," said he, turning into a little cabaret, with whose penetralia he seemed not unfamiliar. "You're all safe here," said he, as he closed the door of a little room. "Let's hear all about it, though I half guess the story already."

I had no difficulty in perceiving, from my companion's manner, that he believed some sudden shock had shaken my faculties, and that my intellects were for the time deranged; nor was it very easy for me to assume sufficient calm to disabuse him of his error, and assert my own perfect coherency. "You have been out for a lark," said he, laughingly. "I see it all. You have been at one of those tea-gardens and got into a row with some stout Fleming. All the young English go through that sort of thing. Ain't I right?"

"Never more mistaken in your life, captain. My conduct since I landed would not discredit a canon of St. Paul's. In fact, all my habits, my tastes, my instincts are averse to every sort of junketing. I am essentially retiring, sensitive, and, if you will, over-fastidious in my choice of associates. My story is simply this." My reader will readily excuse my repeating what is already known to him. It is enough if I say that the captain, although any thing rather than mirthful, held his hand several times over his face, and once laughed out loudly and boisterously.

"You don't say it was Christy Jopplyn, do you?" said he, at last. "You don't tell me it was Jopplyn?"

"The fellow called himself Jopplyn, but I know nothing of him beyond that."

"Why, he's mad jealous about that wife of his—that little woman with the cork-screw curls and the scorbutic face who came over with us. Oh! you did not see her on board, you went below at once, I remember; but there was she in her black ugly, and her old crape shawl—"

"In mourning?"

"Yes. Always in mourning. She never wears any thing else, though Christy goes about in colors, and not particular as to the tint either."

There came a cold perspiration over me as I heard these words, and perceived that my proffer of devotion had been addressed to a married woman, and the wife of the "most jealous man in Europe."

"And who is Jopplyn?" asked I, haughtily, and in all the proud confidence of my present security.

"He's a railway contractor—a sharp sort of fellow, with plenty of money, and a good head on his shoulders; sensible on every point except his jealousy."

"The man must be an idiot," said I, indignantly, "to rush indiscriminately about the world with accusations of this kind. Who wants to supplant him? Who seeks to rob him of the affections of his wife?"

"That's all very well, and very specious," said he, gravely; "but if men will deliberately set themselves down at a writing-table, hammering their brains for fine sentiments, and toiling to find grand expressions for their passion, it does not require that a husband should be as jealous as Christy Jopplyn to take it badly. I don't think I'm a rash or a hasty man, but I know what I'd do in such a circumstance."

"And, pray, what *would* you do?" said I, half impertinently.

"I'd just say, 'Look here, young gent, is this balderdash here your hand? Well, now, eat your words. Yes, eat them. I mean what I say. Eat up that letter, seal and all, or, by my oath, I'll break every bone in your skin!'"

"It is exactly what I intend," cried a voice, hoarse with passion; and Jopplyn himself sprang into the room, and dashed at me.

The skipper was a most powerful man, but it required all his strength, and not very gingerly exercised either, to hold off my enraged adversary. "Will you be quiet, Christy?" cried he, holding him by the throat. "Will you just be quiet for one instant, or must I knock you down?"

"Do! do! by all means," muttered I; for I thought if he were once on the ground I could finish him off with a large pewter measure that stood on the table.

With a rough shake the skipper had at last convinced the other that resistance was useless, and induced him to consent to a parley.

"Let him only tell *you*," said he, "what he has told *me*, Christy!"

"Don't strike, but hear me," cried I; and safe in my stockade behind the skipper, I recounted my mistake.

"And *you* believe all this?" asked Jopplyn of the skipper, when I had finished.

"Believe it—I should think I do! I have known him since he was a child that high, and I'll answer for his good conduct and behavior."

Heaven bless you for that bail bond, though indorsed in a lie, honest ship captain! and I only hope I may live to requite you for it.

Jopplyn was appeased but it was the suppressed wrath of a brown bear rather than the vanquished anger of a man. He had booked himself for something cruel, and he was miserable to be balked. Nor was I myself—I shame to own it—an emblem of perfect forgiveness. I know nothing harder than for a constitutionally timid man, of weak proportions, to forgive the bullying superiority of brute force. It is about the greatest trial human forgiveness can be submitted to; so that when Jopplyn, in a vulgar spirit of reconciliation, proposed that we should both go and dine with him that day, I declined the invitation with a frigid politeness.

"I wish I could persuade you to change your plans," said he, "and let Mrs. J. and myself see you at six."

"I believe I can answer for him that it is impossible," broke in the skipper; while he added, in a whisper, "They never *can* afford any delay—they have to put on the steam at high pressure from one end of Europe to t'other."

What could he possibly mean by imputing such haste to my movements, and who were "they" with whom he thus associated me? I would have given worlds to ask, but the presence of Jopplyn prevented me; and so I could simply assent with a sort of foolish laugh, and a muttered "Very true—quite correct."

"Indeed, how you manage to be here now I can scarcely imagine," continued the skipper. "The last of yours that went through this took a roll of bread and a cold chicken with him into the train, rather than halt to eat his supper—but I conclude *you* know best."

What confounded mystification was passing through his marine intellects I could not fathom. To what guild or brotherhood of impetuous travelers had he ascribed me? Why should I not "take mine ease in mine inn?" All this was very tantalizing and very irritating, and pleading a pressing engagement, I took leave of them both, and returned to the hotel.

I was in need of rest and a little composure. The incident of the morning had jarred my nerves and disconcerted me much. But a few hours ago, and life had seemed to me like a flowery meadow, through which, without path or track, one might ramble at will; now, it rather presented the aspect of a vulgar kitchen garden, fenced in, and divided, and partitioned off, with only a few very stony alleys to walk in. "This boasted civilization of ours," exclaimed I, "what is it but snobbery! Our class distinctions—our artificial intercourses—our hypocritical professions—our deference for externals, are they not the flimsiest pretenses that ever were fashioned? Why has no man the courage to make short work of these and see the world as it really is? Why has not some one gone forth, the apostle of frankness and plain-speaking, the same to prince as to peasant? What I would like would be a ramble through the less visited parts of Europe—countries in which civilization slants in just as the rays of a setting sun steal into a forest at evening. I would buy me a horse. Oh, Blondel," thought I, suddenly, "am I not in search of you? Is it not in the hope to recover you that I am here, and, with you for my companion, am I not content to roam the world, taking each incident of the way with the calm of one who asks little of his fellow-men save a kind word as he passes, and a God-speed as he goes?" I knew perfectly that, with any other beast for my "mount," I could not view the scene of life with the same bland composure. A horse that started, that tripped, that shied, reared, kicked, crooned his neck, or even shook himself, as certain of these beasts do, would have kept me in a paroxysm of anxiety and uneasiness, the least adapted of all moods for thoughtfulness and reflection. Like an ill-assorted union, it would have given no time save for squabble and recrimination. But Blondel almost seemed to understand my mission, and lent himself to its accomplishment. There was none of the obtrusive selfishness of an ordinary horse in his ways. He neither asked you to remark the glossiness of his skin, nor the graceful curve of his neck; he did not prance nor curvet. Superior to the petty arts by which vulgar natures present themselves to notice, he felt that destiny had given him a duty, and he did it.

Thus thinking, I returned once more to the spirit which had first sent me forth to ramble, to wander through the world, spectator, not actor; to be with my fellow-men in sympathy, but not in action: to sorrow and rejoice as they did, but, if possible, to understand life as a drama, in which, so long as I was the mere audience, I could never be painfully afflicted or seriously injured by the catastrophe: a wonderful philosophy, but of which, up to the present, I could not boast any pre-eminent success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday 29th ult., attended a ball given in his honor at the Cincinnati Opera House, and enjoyed the entertainment. No supper having been provided by the careful Cincinnatians, he withdrew with his suite at 12.30 P.M. On Sunday, 30th, the Prince attended church at St. John's Church, and heard a sermon from Bishop M'Ilvaine. In the evening he dined with the Mayor and other citizens; a temporary indisposition prevented his attending church a second time. On Monday morning the party left for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, stopping five and ten minutes at the stations by the way; they arrived at their destination at nine P.M., and were received by the Mayor, who read an address.

On Tuesday, 2d October, the Prince left Pittsburg for Harrisburg, dined at Altona, and arrived at his destination late in the evening. At Harrisburg he was received by Governor Packer, who delivered an address of welcome. He left that city early on the morning of Wednesday, 3d, arrived at Baltimore at half-past one, and, declining any reception, proceeded to Washington, where he arrived at 4 P.M. Here he was received by General Cass and two nephews of President Buchanan. He was at once conducted to the White House, where he was received by the President. At six he dined, the members of the Cabinet and one or two Senators with their wives being of the party. On Thursday, 4th, the Prince and suite visited the Capitol at Washington and the Patent Office. A reception was given at 1 P.M. in honor of the Prince, and an immense crowd was present. In the evening a diplomatic dinner took place at the White House. On Friday, 5th, the Prince visited Mount Vernon, in a steamer chartered for the purpose; in the evening he was a guest of Lord Lyons. On Saturday he went to Richmond, Virginia.

WHOM HE DANCED WITH.

At the grand ball at Cincinnati, the first dance was the "Jubilee" quadrille, the Prince having for his partner Mrs. Colonel Pike, wife of one of the Committee, the proprietor of the Opera House, and the originator of the ball. He danced the second quadrille with Miss Groesbeck, daughter of the Hon. John Groesbeck, ex-M.C., and one of the Committee; the third quadrille with Miss Taylor, of Newport, Kentucky—that State being largely represented; and the fourth dance, the "Lancers," with Miss H. M'Gregor, of Mount Auburn; also with Miss Hilton, the daughter of one of the State Judges.

HE WALKS HIS PARTNER.

At first his Royal Highness entered into the spirit of the affair rather slowly and formally, but by degrees became quite animated. The Prince took a partner for a waltz; but discovering that the lady could not waltz, he refused to take another partner, and waited for the next quadrille.

EVERY AMERICAN DESCENDS FROM A RED COAT.

At Harrisburg Governor Packer addressed the Prince as follows:

"LORD RENFREW,—It affords me infinite pleasure to welcome your lordship to the capital of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one of the old thirteen colonies that originally acknowledged allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, and notwithstanding that allegiance has been severed, your lordship will perceive, by a glance at that long line of Colonial and State governors (pointing to the portraits which adorn the executive chambers), that we still have a very, a very great veneration and regard for our ancient rulers. That line of portraits is almost a perfect type of our American families. We can not follow our ancestry more than a few generations back without tracing the line to a British red coat."

HE RIDES ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

On his way to Washington, in descending the mountain the Prince and his friends rode upon the locomotive, so as to obtain a better view of the magnificent scenery of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies. They expressed themselves much gratified with their ride.

HE BOWS, BUT LADIES SHAKE HIS HAND.

At the reception at the White House the Prince dressed in his usual blue coat and gray pants, and, with ungloved hands, stood upon the right of the President, and Lord Lyons stood near the Prince. As each person passed, the President shook hands with his customary urbanity, and the Prince bowed his head as usual. Several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand, however.

HE PICKS UP AN APPETITE AT TEN-PINS.

By way of preparative for dinner the Prince played a game of ten-pins in the gymnasium of a school for girls, whither he went with Miss Lane and Mrs. Secretary Thompson.

HOW ROYALTY TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

A Western paper says: "The Western railroads have made extraordinary arrangements for the passage of the heir to the British throne, on his tour to Washington. The train is to be a special one, under the control of the royal party, and the route is to be via Pittsburg to Harrisburg, and thence by the Northern Central road to Baltimore and Washington. The Baron will have the use of the royal car to Baltimore, and perhaps to Washington.

"The following regulations show the amount of care bestowed upon him, in contrast to that taken of ordinary sovereigns of our own land:

"Lord Renfrew's special train, the pilot engine forming a part, is to have the exclusive right to the track over every thing, and every other engine or train must be entirely out of the way of the pilot engine at least five minutes before the card time (and care taken that switches are at once placed upon the main track), and be kept out of the way until Lord Renfrew's train has passed.

"Station agents at all stations will exhibit a white flag at the entrance switch, or at a point more distant from station if the switch is on a curve, at least five minutes before the time upon the card, said flag to be shown until after the passage of the special train, indicating that all is clear, care being had that road crossings at and about stations are properly guarded until after the passage of the special train.

"Foremen or track repairers will see that no rails are taken out of the track, or the track otherwise disturbed on that day until after the passage of the train, except to remedy absolute defects that would endanger the train in passing, in placing the proper signal at a safe distance, and they will distribute their men so as to guard all highway crossings, to protect the train from the possibility of accident at the crossings.

"Particular attention must be given to see that there are no breaks in the fences that will admit of the encroachments of animals upon the track.

"Trackmen will also give extra attention to see that the telegraph wire is unobstructed and in good working condition.

"In conclusion, it is of vital importance that Lord Renfrew and suite should pass over the line in safety, and on time, and it behooves all employés to exercise the utmost vigilance, to the end that the possibility of an accident to the special train shall not exist, and that it shall not be delayed by accident to or detention of any other train."

CLOSE OF THE SEASON AT NEWPORT.

Touching the Newport season, which has just now closed, the *News* of that city says: "The Ocean House closed its doors on the 15th, and the Atlantic House on the 24th. The Belle Vue and Fillmore Houses will soon close, the steamer *Golden Gate* has discontinued her trips, and the favorite *Perry* enters upon her Fall arrangement next week. All this indicates the close of the season. True, a few families are wisely determined to try our glorious October weather, but yet all the associations and appearances of the fashionable season have departed. After spending considerable time and labor in investigating the facts in the matter, we find that the season has been a good one, and, in comparison with the season of 1859, better than that was. The arrivals at the four large hotels have averaged daily, taking the whole season of 1860 into account, a handsome increase over those of 1859. The number of cottages let is larger that it was last year, and larger considerably than at any previous season. This branch of summer business appears to be on the increase."

A LETTER FROM RALPH FARNHAM.

Mr. Ralph Farnham, of Maine, said to be the last survivor of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, has been invited to visit Boston. The hospitalities of the city, a public reception, an escort of Ancient and Honorable Soldiery, and addresses by Edward Everett and others, will be given the distinguished veteran. He has accepted the invitation in the following letter:

"ACTON, MAINE, *September* 25, 1860.

"*Mr. N. P Banks, Mr. F. W Lincoln, Jun., and others, Boston.*

"I have received your kind invitation to visit Boston, and I thank you for the honor you do me. When I listed in the American Army at the age of eighteen, I did not suppose I should live to be 104, and be asked by the Governor and Mayor, and other distinguished people to visit Boston.

"It seems strange that out of all who were at Bunker Hill, I alone should be living. It appears to me, though so long ago, as if it was but yesterday. I can remember the particulars of the march after I listed—how the people cheered, and when near Andover Colonel Abbott came out and said, 'Well done, my lads!' and sent out cider and grog in pails. We got to Cambridge the day before the Battle. Oh, it was a terrible affair to me, for it was the first time I ever engaged in fighting. I served with the army through three campaigns, and was present, and on guard, when Burgoyne surrendered. I don't think I deserve any special praise for the part I took in the Revolution. I felt and acted only as others. I receive every year my pension of sixty-one dollars and sixty-six cents—though I have to pay four dollars to a lawyer in Portland to get it for me.

"I have many things to comfort me as I journey along through life—innumerable are the mercies I am surrounded with. As to temporal matters—kind, loving children, faithful friends. As to spiritual—the holy Scriptures, and the various institutions of religion—all of which are designed for our improvement here, and to prepare us to dwell in that better world above.

"If a kind Providence spares my life and health, you may expect to see me in Boston about the 8th of October.

"Your friend, RALPH FARNHAM."

ANOTHER AERONAUT IN TROUBLE.

On the afternoon of the 27th ult., Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, made a voyage in his balloon from Petersburg, Virginia, and came near losing his life. The Petersburg *Express* says that, about fourteen miles from Richmond, he prepared to descend into a field of several hundred acres. All the time, from the moment of starting, the gas had been slowly escaping from a small rent near the top of the balloon, and when about 1000 feet from the earth, and directly over the field, the fissure rapidly enlarged, attaining a length of between 10 and 15 feet. The escape of gas was now tremendous, and the descent fearfully rapid and direct. Mr. Wise leaped up into the rigging, designing to escape the shock which threatened the car upon reaching the ground. The precaution was well taken, but did not avert the whole danger. The car struck the ground with terrible force; the balloon, completely collapsed, fell, and Mr. Wise was thrown violently backward over the car, his head striking the rim, and nearly knocking him senseless. A large number of persons who were following him below, and saw him fall, were unable to find him until after a long search, the descent being made in a sort of glen, rankly overgrown with weeds, where he lay, hardly able to move, for half an hour. Such was the violence of the shock that his watch bounded from his pocket, and, being torn loose, was thrown several yards away. Mr. Wise was not seriously injured.

THE SUN GOING OUT.

We shall be justified in making a "personal" matter of the following paragraph from the *Scientific American*:

"There are now more spots on the sun than have been seen before for many years; some of these are visible through a smoked glass to the naked eye. Several stars—some of them of great brilliancy, which, from their ascertained distance, must have been as large as our sun—have totally disappeared from the sky; and the question has been raised among astronomers whether the light and heat of the sun are gradually fading away. As this would be accompanied by the destruction of all the plants and animals on the earth, it is rather an interesting question. The sun's light and heat are diminished by the dark spots at the present time above 1 per cent."

PERSONAL.

The advent of Monsieur Berger in our midst has caused quite an excitement in the billiard world. He is a jovial Frenchman of 300 pounds weight, and does not speak a word of English, though Mr. Phelan—whose guest he is—says there are two languages which they mutually understand; viz., cognac and billiards. He purposes making a tour of the country, in company with our billiard champion, and giving exhibitions among the provincials. He will first visit New Orleans. Of his skill we will only say that "what he does not know is not worth knowing," and that his peculiar shots have never been seen or dreamed of in this country.

Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jun., has returned to his home, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, from his recent tour. He is in fuller health than when he went away, and has gained much advantage from his journeying.

Paul Morphy and Louis Paulsen, the noted chess players, are in town, and will probably remain here during the coming week. On Friday evening they were both at the rooms of the Chess Club in the University Building, but did not play together.

Elder Kimball, one of the leading Mormon saints, recently had born to him, in one night, no less than fourteen children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN GOES TO PRUSSIA.

The Queen and Prince Albert embarked at Gravesend for Antwerp on the day the *Canada* left Liverpool. Lord John Russell accompanies the Queen to Prussia.

FRANCE.

THE MEETING AT WARSAW.

The Emperor of Austria and Prince Regent of Prussia will not be accompanied by their Ministers to Warsaw.

It was rumored that Napoleon had caused the Czar to be notified that he would have pleasure in joining the circle at Warsaw, and dispel by personal explanations the distrust entertained respecting the designs of France.

ITALY.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

At latest dates, Ancona had been bombarded for nine hours by Sardinian vessels, without much effect, while it was simultaneously attacked from the land side. Several fortresses, among others Santo Leo and Castillan, had been taken by the Sardinians. We have official details of the Battle of Castelfidardo. Among the 600 prisoners taken by the Sardinians were upward of thirty officers, some of high rank. In consequence of the victory 4000 Papal troops, mostly foreigners, including fifty officers and the Guards of Lamoricière, with six guns, ammunition, etc., capitulated on the 19th of September and laid down their arms. Cialdini conceded honors of war to this body, and permitted them to return home. Lamoricière, with a few horsemen, reached Ancona. Nothing remained of his army except the troops shut up in Ancona, and about 2000 dispersed in the mountains. The King of Sardinia had decorated Cialdini with a Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy.

AFFAIRS AT NAPLES.

The King of Naples was supposed to be still at Capua, which town was barricaded and armed. It was reported that the King's troops and the forces of Garibaldi had exchanged shots at the outposts near Capua. The French Minister was to quit Naples on the 27th of September. The Garibaldians had met with some reverses near Capua, losing about two hundred men. Garibaldi, in a fresh proclamation, indicates that he will join the Sardinian troops at Rome and begin a march against Venice. The King of Naples had published the decrees at Gaeta, ordering a state of siege in all the provinces where a revolutionary struggle exists, and cashiering all officers of the marine as guilty of high treason, except those of one vessel which went to Gaeta. The republican cause was gaining ground in Naples and influence over Garibaldi. It was reported that Victor Hugo had arrived at Naples. Cardinal Sporza had been expelled from Naples by the dictatorial government.

RUMORED QUARREL BETWEEN GARIBALDI AND CAVOUR.

Garibaldi has declared, in a letter, that there exists an irreconcilable difference between his policy and that of Count Cavour. It was reported that the quarrel between the Sardinian Government and Garibaldi had arrived at such a pitch that Victor Emanuel had determined to proceed to Naples for personal intercourse with Garibaldi. The Neapolitan Ministry had resigned, and it was reported that Signor Conforto had been called upon to form a new one.

The London *Herald* says the fate of Italy is involved in the struggle between Cavour and Garibaldi.

The London *Times* observes that "both men mean the same thing, and are endeavoring to obtain the same object, but Cavour recognizes difficulties which have to be avoided, while Garibaldi believes he can ride down all obstacles, sword in hand. Garibaldi's impulsive system is admirable against his own countrymen, but Cavour's will be indispensable to Italy as an antagonist for France and Austria."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE POPE.

The following letter from Cardinal Antonelli, in reply to the summons of Sardinia requiring him to disband his troops, has been published:

"ROME, *September* 11.

"EXCELLENCY,—Without taking into account the manner in which your Excellency has thought proper to have your letter of the 7th inst. conveyed to me, I have directed my whole attention calmly upon the subject you lay before me in the name of your Sovereign, and I can not conceal from you that it has cost me an extraordinary effort to do so. The new principles of public law which you lay down in your letter would be indeed sufficient to dispense me from giving any answer at all, they being so contrary to those which have constantly been acknowledged by all governments and nations. Nevertheless, feeling deeply the inculpations cast upon the Government of his Holiness, I can not refrain from at once noticing the blame—as odious as it is unfounded and unjust—pronounced against the troops belonging to the Pontifical Government; and I must add that I find the pretension of denying the right belonging to the Pontifical Government as well as to any other, of having foreign troops in its service, utterly unjustifiable. In fact many Governments of Europe have foreign troops in their pay. On that subject it may be expedient to observe that, owing to the character with which the Sovereign Pontiff is invested, as the common father of all believers, he ought to be less subject to criticism than any other for receiving in the ranks of his troops all who come and offer themselves from the various parts of the Catholic world for the defense of the Holy See and of the States of the Church.

WHENCE THE TROUBLES AROSE.

"Nothing is more false or insulting than to attribute to the Pontifical troops the disorders which have taken place in the States of the Holy See. There is no necessity for asking, for history has already enregistered whence came the troops who have violently constrained the will of the people, and the artifices which have been made use of for throwing into perturbation the greater part of Italy, and ruining all that was most inviolable and most sacred both in right and in justice.

"As to the consequences which it has been sought to make weigh on the legitimate action of the troops of the Holy See, to put down the rebellion of Perugia, it would truly be more logical to throw that responsibility on those who, from abroad, have excited the revolt; and you know perfectly well, M. le Comte, where that outbreak was concerted, whence were derived money, arms, and means of all kinds, and whence instructions and orders were sent to the insurgents.

"There is consequently reason for representing as calumnious all that has been said by a party hostile to the Government of the Holy See as to the conduct of its troops, and for declaring that the imputations cast on their chiefs by the authors of proclamations of a nature to excite dangerous fermentations, are not less. Your Excellency concludes your painful dispatch by inviting me, in the name of your sovereign, to immediately order the disarming and disbanding of the said troops. This invitation was accompanied by a sort of menace on the part of Piedmont, in case of refusal, to prevent the action of the said troops by means of the royal troops.

THE POPE PROTESTS.

"This involves a quasi injunction which I willingly abstain from qualifying. The Holy See could only repel it with indignation, strong in its legitimate rights, and appealing to the law of nations, under the ægis of which Europe has hitherto lived, whatever violence the Holy See may be exposed to suffer, without having provoked it, and against which it is my duty now to protest energetically in the name of his Holiness.

"With sentiments of consideration, I am, etc.,

"G. CARDINAL ANTONELLI."

WILL THE POPE LEAVE ROME?

The Paris *Constitutionnel* publishes an article, signed by M. Grandguillot, against the extreme party, which, after having counseled the Pope to follow a policy without concessions, now advises him to take to flight without honor. M. Grandguillot recalls that as long as the French troops are at Rome the security of the person and the authority of the Pope are guaranteed.

M. Grandguillot expresses an earnest desire that the Pope should not quit Rome, and continues thus: "In expressing these wishes we have only in view the interests of the Papacy, for that which at present complicates the position of France is the presence of her army at Rome, and if this occupation could cease all would be simplified, at least in a political point of view. It is not Rome that we occupy, but it is the Papacy which we defend. Our occupation could in no case assume a political character. The first consequence of the flight of the Pope would be the evacuation of Rome by the French, and in leaving we should carry with us great uneasiness respecting the future of the temporal power of the Pope."

AUSTRIA.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

An incendiary proclamation, calling the people to arms, was introduced into Hungary from Bucharest. All the garrisons in Hungary were replaced on a war footing.

Austria had concentrated a great force on the Po, increased the military at Pistolo, and restricted the use of arms in Venetia.

False reports had been current in Paris that the Austrians had recrossed the Mincio.

HONDURAS.

THE CAPTURE OF WALKER.

We have details of the capture and death of Walker. After evacuating Truxillo on the night of August 21–22, he wandered down the coast, and finally encamped on the bank of the Rio Negro. A letter from Honduras thus describes the sequel:

"On the 3d of September two British cutters, carrying forty men, came up the river, and Captain Salmon, of the *Icarus*, accompanied by General Alvarez, of the Honduran army, stepped ashore and walked to the house in which General Walker was, and asked an interview with him, which was granted. Captain Salmon—a burly, bluff young British officer, of a very pompous, authoritative manner—introducing himself to General Walker, informed him that Her Majesty's sloop of war *Icarus* lay off the mouth of the river, and that anchored near her was a ship, which had on board two hundred and fifty Honduran soldiers, and he thereupon demanded the surrender of Walker and his command.

"General Walker, with characteristic coolness and dignity, contrasting strongly with the pompous assurance of the British officer, asked whether this demand was made by Captain Salmon as a British officer, and whether if he surrendered it would be to the British authorities?

"To this inquiry Major Dolan and Captain West, who were present at the interview, solemnly assert that Salmon replied, 'Yes, you surrender to me, as a British officer.' The question was repeated by General Walker, and the same answer given by Commander Salmon, who rather haughtily and patronizingly added, 'You may thank me, too, that you have a whole bone in your body.'

"The General then told them that under these circumstances he would surrender.

"That night, when the men were all asleep, General Walker and Colonel Rudler were taken under a guard to the *Icarus*.

"On the 4th the *Icarus* weighed anchor and steamed up to Truxillo, where she arrived that night. General Walker and Colonel Rudler were then formally delivered over to the Honduran authorities.

THE MARCH TO PRISON.

"The march on entering was slow and solemn. Walker, at the head of his men, dressed with much simplicity, marched, keeping time to the beat of the drum, and was the object upon which every eye was fixed. As soon as he entered the prison he was placed in heavy irons, and being asked if he needed any thing, replied with but one word—'Water.'

"Soon afterward he sent for the chaplain of this port, and, declaring his faith as a Roman Catholic, knelt at the feet of the priest, in front of a small altar, on which the glimmering light of some candles faintly discovered an image of the Saviour. Among other things he said to the chaplain, 'I am resigned to die: my political career is finished.'

THE EXECUTION.

"On the 11th inst., at seven o'clock in the evening, Walker was informed of the sentence of death passed upon him, and his only reply to the fatal messenger was his asking at what hour he would be executed, and if he should have time to write.

"On the 12th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the condemned man was marched to the place of execution. He went with a crucifix in his hand, without looking at any one, and listening to the psalms which the priest was reciting to him. He entered the square, where, at the place of execution, the troops were drawn up, and there, full of resignation, pronounced,

"'I am a Roman Catholic. The war which I made on Honduras, at the suggestion of certain people at Ruatan, was unjust. Those who accompanied me are not to blame. I alone am guilty. I ask pardon of the people. I receive death with resignation. Would that it were one for the good of society!'

"He died with extraordinary coolness. His remains were placed in a coffin, and rest in peace as a perpetual example."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

An American writes from Truxillo: "General William Walker was shot on the 12th inst., at eight o'clock A.M. He showed throughout the greatest coolness, not even changing color when walking from the prison to the plaza where he was shot. Two soldiers, with drawn swords, advanced in front of him, and three, with fixed bayonets, followed him. In his right hand he carried a hat, and in his left a crucifix. Before taking his seat on the fatal *banquette* he requested the priest in attendance, inasmuch as he could not speak loud enough to be heard, to say to the people that he asked the pardon of all whom he had injured in his present expedition, etc., which is variously reported by various persons. He then sat down; a file of ten soldiers advanced, and fired on the instant. He died at once. The soldiers gave three cheers, and all was over. His remains have been decently buried, with the usual rites of the Church. I think there was a deep feeling of sympathy for his fate on the part of the people generally, nor does there appear to be any spirit of vindictiveness on the part of the Government and its officers. Rudler is condemned to four years' imprisonment, but I think he will be liberated before long."

CHINA.

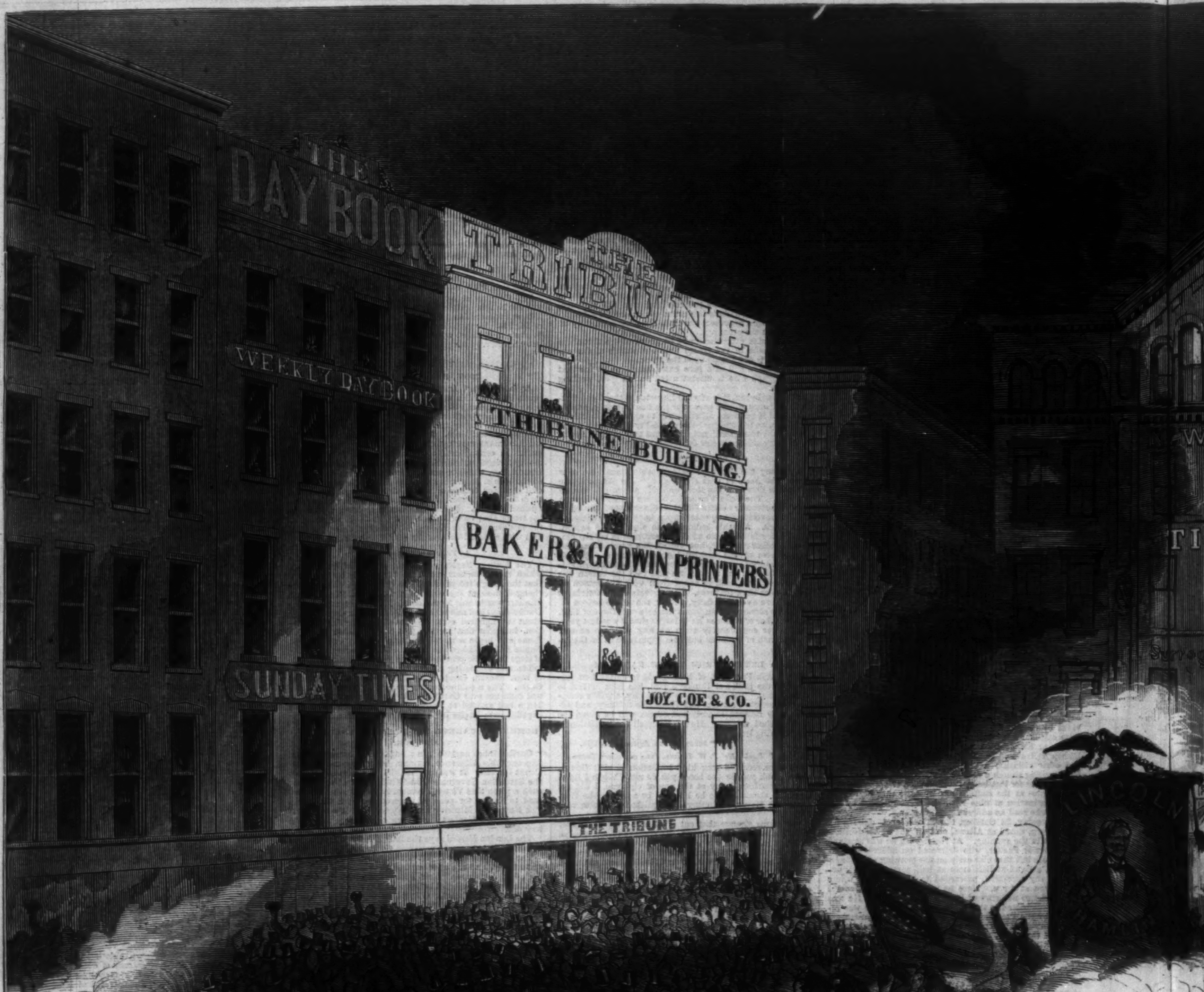
RUMORED DISASTERS AT THE PEI-HO.

Rumors are current in London of unfavorable news from China, but there is nothing authentic. It is supposed the advice may have been received *via* Russia.

MEXICO.

THE SPANISH FLEET SAILS AWAY.

By an arrival at New Orleans we have important news from Mexico. The report of the condemnation and confiscation of the Spanish bark *Maria Concepcion* at Vera Cruz is confirmed. In consequence of this action of the Mexican authorities the commander of the Spanish fleet had threatened to bombard the city, but was deterred from so doing by Com. Jarvis, of the American squadron, and the entire Spanish fleet, with the exception of one vessel, returned to Havana. Degollado, the liberal general, had, it was believed, seized a conducta with $1,200,000, bound for Tampico, intending to use the money in aid of the expedition against the capital.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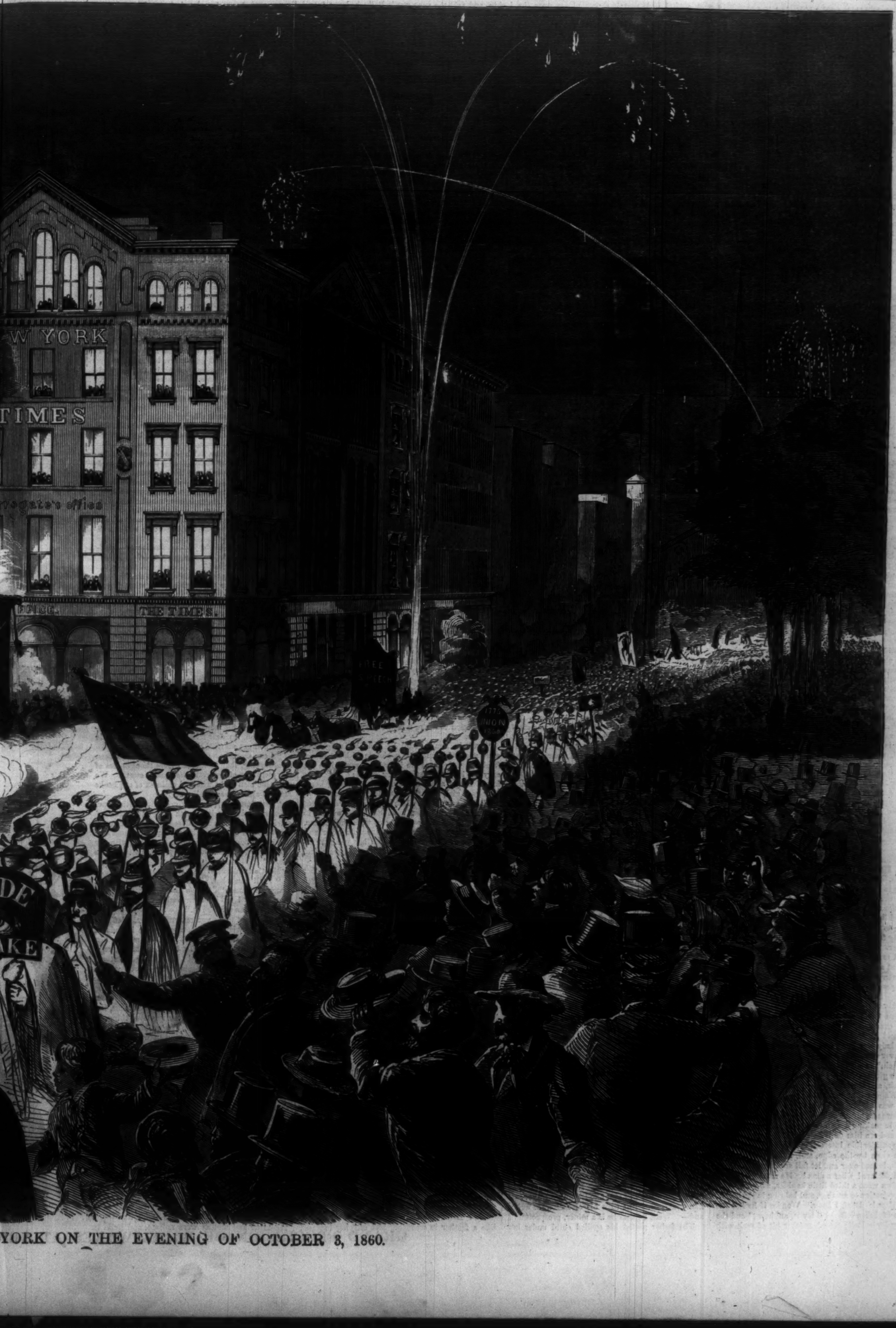
GRAND PROCESSION OF WIDE-AWAKES AT NEW YO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YORK ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 3, 1860.

THE WIDE-AWAKE PARADE.

THOUSANDS of torches flashing in high, narrow streets, crowded with eager people, and upon house-fronts in which every window swarms with human faces; with the mingling music of scores of military bands, and the rippling, running, sweeping, and surging sound of huzzas from tens of thousands, but generally a silence like the quiet flow of a vast river; with the waving of banners and moving transparencies of endless device; and through all, out of all, and over all, the splendor of exploding fire-works, of every color—these combined, at night, are an imposing spectacle; and these every one in the city saw at the Wide-Awake festival on Wednesday night.

It was certainly the nearest approach to a purely poetic popular demonstration that we have had. Torches have no dangerous antecedents. Fire-works are of no party. Splendor and beauty are not yet proscribed. Every man who has at heart the municipal honor of New York (municipal honor?) must have been glad and gratified on Wednesday evening. There was never, perhaps, so immense a political fête which passed off more peacefully. Even the bitterest political opponents of the party to which the organization belongs could not but confess how beautiful the scene was.

Standing at midnight in Broadway, near the corner of Tenth Street, and looking up toward Union Place, you saw the entire street sheeted with flickering light, and Union Place bright with showers of fire-works; while down town, as far as the New York Hotel, and beyond, there was the same blazing torrent of life and enthusiasm, from which, in profuse and incessant explosion, burst the Roman candles of every celestial hue.

A RASH LITTLE LADY, AND WHAT BECAME OF HER.

CHAPTER I.

A RAVINE, long, deep, jagged, hung with bushes, trees, flowers, and rocks. A man in blue overalls, gray bobtail coat, and paper cap, knocking away with a little hammer at the ledge of rock against the side of the ravine, moving stealthily this way and that, gazing earnestly at particular spots, touching them with his finger, and sometimes scratching carefully with his thumb-nail. "Blue limestone—metamorphic—feldspar—fossils, very numerous—" These were his mutterings at intervals, dropping the fragments into the brook, which babbled—in the creek dialect—a little below him, on its way to the surf at the foot of the ravine.

Now the man didn't know—how should he?—that a little lady with curls—"Bella," they called her at the brown house over yonder—sat on the green plat a little above him, with her blue-dotted brilliant sweeping round her and hiding her feet, gathering specimens of flowers and grasses, trying how many different kinds she could find within the radius of her white arms and reaching fingers. He knew nothing about it. And if he had he wouldn't have cared, for Bella belonged to neither tertiary formation nor drift—was neither mineral nor fossil—and the great geologist was too absolutely absorbed in the investigation before him to be drawn from it by any thing less imposing than the last trump, or less hideous than a dinner-gong.

So the little lady in curls sat gracefully on the green-sward gathering specimens. "Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," she said, holding them tight in one hand, leaning till almost prone, and reaching with the other. "My! how very curious! here are all these varieties within my reach. How rich the world is!"—and the man rapped away with his little hammer, muttering, "Flint—conglomerate—north and south vein"—neither knowing any thing about the other, and neither caring a wisp of straw for any body who might be near.

"Twenty-five, as I live!" said Bella, sitting quite upright, all aglow, and pressing her little round waist with her hands as though her greediness had made her extend her specimen-circle to its utmost possible circumference—as indeed it had.

Rap—rap—rap.

"Hooray!" said the little lady; "spirits down there, I guess. I should really like to know what that is. Must be somebody down there; and I'm going to have a look at the creature."

So the little lady gave her head a toss which sent the curls flying behind her shoulder, rose, arranged her drapery just a bit—as any lady, big or little, would certainly have done—and walking demurely to the brink of the ravine, looked cautiously over.

"A man with a hammer! Funny little hammer—blunt at one end, sharp at the other. Ugly looking man; and not very elegantly dressed, either. I suppose he thinks it's no use to try. Right, I guess. Seems to be busy. Wonder what he'd do if he knew I was looking at him."

Upon this the mischief-loving brain under the curls conceived the idea of making the man look up; and forthwith it became a necessity, for the little lady was just as audacious as any little lady you ever saw, and liked a spice of adventure "ever so much," as she herself would have said it.

The girl touched her tiny slipper to a little piece of rock, and it rolled down the declivity.

"Wonder if he looked up then."

It was highly probable that he did; but then there was no means of knowing; and what fun was there in making a man look up if you couldn't look over and see him do it? So Bella, who began to find considerable interest in the experiment, sat down close by the edge, and, holding by a stout shrub, leaned over and let fall another bit of rock.

"I declare! what a man! He must be deaf."

Down went a third little boulder, skipping from one projection to another, and lodging in the brook.

"Hem! Deaf, I *know*. Wonder if he has the sense of *feeling* left. I'll try it, anyhow;" and the saucy little Bella tossed another bit of rock with such capital luck that it struck plump upon the man's paper cap, right over the organ of ideality.

Of course the man in the paper cap looked up; but Bella was so startled by the success of her toss as to dart back involuntarily; and then she lay, half reclining on the sward, frightened, but laughing exuberantly over his probable amazement.

"I wonder if the stupid man looked up then," said the little lady. "What a fool I was to hide before I found out whether the poor fellow was minus the sense of feeling! I declare, I would like to see what he's doing now. I will—I'll look over. I'm not going through all this performance and then lose the 'catastrophe,' as the story-writers call it. So, now for one more look. Didn't that little stone hit him nice, though?" and Bella, though she knew very well she had done enough and had better go home, stood up with a queenly grace and stepped stealthily toward the edge. Bella was a spoiled child.

The geologist's organ of ideality having been hit by a piece of quartz, was effectually roused into action; and hence he looked up with a vague expectation of finding something beautiful up the cliff. Nothing in sight but a few rustling shrubs. But the habit of abstraction which fits so closely to your man of science was not to be laid off like a garment; and so the man gazed upward several seconds longer than an ordinary mortal would have done, trying to come at a well-defined notion of what he was looking for.

Bella placed her little foot carefully upon the edge, bent gracefully forward—the curls sweeping in front of her shoulders, and touching the lace-trimmed edge of the blue-spotted muslin—and looked over.

"Oh!" There was a man's great face looking full at her!

The sudden start loosened the jutting edge of earth upon which she had rested her foot as she leaned over the brow of the hill, and as it plunged, rattling, the little lady could only save herself from falling by yielding to the pressure of circumstances, and skipping involuntarily, and with the utmost rapidity, down the steep declivity, saying, as she danced in spite of herself down the hill,

"My! What *shall* I do? Oh! 'catastrophe,' sure enough!"

The man in the paper cap spread his arms mechanically—hammer in one hand, and a piece of limestone in the other—and with a confused impression that an angel enveloped in blue and white cloud, and garlanded with roses, was flying toward him, received the wild little Bella just as, in spite of her utmost agility, momentum got the better of her, and catching her foot in the skirt of her dress, she could only fall helpless into his arms.

"Why—really—now—excuse me—" stammered the confused geologist. He persists to this day that he was never so "bothered" to know what to say in all his life.

Bella, though a child in one sense, was a queenly little woman in an emergency; as self-possessed and dignified as swift-thoughted and brilliant. Disengaging herself, and moving back a step or two, she stood the personification of ease and womanly command; and looking at him with a countenance tinted with excitement, said, gracefully,

"I thank you, Sir, for saving me from falling. I was playing a girlish trick upon you, Sir, and deserved the punishment. Will you pardon?" And she held out her little hand.

The geologist took the hand, feeling very much as though his own was a lion's paw with a little bird in it. Had it been a specimen of mineral he would have known precisely what to do—would have turned it over and scratched it with his thumb-nail; but this little velvety hand was altogether out of his line. After holding it a moment rather awkwardly, looking at it half-professionally, he gave it back again, with the assurance that he "had nothing to pardon—was glad he caught her," or words to that effect.

"Then *I* will assume the dictator, and pardon *you*, Sir, for not looking up at me sooner," said Bella, playfully, and bowing herself from his presence.

The geologist followed the figure with his eye as long as he could, then took a fragment of conglomerate, and, sitting down on a boulder, began to examine it. First, he picked out the little pebbles, and brushed off the loose sand; then he turned it over, over, over, slowly, perhaps a hundred times. I do not pretend to know much about his thoughts; but this I do know—when you hit a geologist's bump of ideality with a piece of quartz, excitement of that organ is pretty sure to follow.

"Oh, oh, oh!" murmured Bella, as soon as she had turned an angle of the ravine. "There, there, there! Now I've done it, sure enough. What *will* father say? I don't care. I'll tell him all about it; and he'll pat me under the chin, and say, 'You're a saucy little thing, Bella, and ought to get punished now and then.' But mother— My! I wouldn't she should know it for the world! Mother don't understand me at all. She'd hold up her hands, and say I'd done a very improper thing indeed. Well, I suppose I *have*; but how could I *help* running into his arms, I should like to know? Well, it was the *funniest* thing ever did happen, any way. Didn't I hit him nice, though?" And Bella, having cast a quick glance to see that no one was near, burst into a rich laugh, which ran along the hill-side merrily.

"One good thing—he doesn't know me at all, and I shall never see him again. So I'll just tell father and Fanny, and we'll have a good laugh; and that will be the end of it. Heigh-ho! Wasn't he frightened, though?"

The little lady met her father before she reached home, and, full of the subject, depicted the scene capitally, half-bursting with merriment all the while.

"You see, he is a miner, or something of that sort; old, and ever so ugly. No, he wasn't ugly in his *face*—that was real fine-looking—grave, just like yours, pa. But then his clothes were ugly; and— Well, I guess he is a miner, prospecting."

The father patted his spoiled child under her chin, and said the very words Bella had put into his mouth.

Pausing on the lawn, under the elms, and pressing her close to his great heart, the father gave Bella better kisses than any other human being could bestow. Then they went in, with perfect love and perfect trust between them—the oak and the vine.

CHAPTER II.

THERE were signs at the close of the last chapter that the episode of the ravine was to end in love and laughter—filial love and girlish laughter. Certainly nothing was farther from Bella's thoughts than the expectation of ever meeting the geologist again, whom, out of compliment to his gray coat and paper cap, she had pronounced a miner of the third degree. And yet on the very next day, as she sat in summer silk and winged laces listening to the doubtful rhetoric of the village pastor, what should follow the stealthy professional tread of the sexton straight to her father's pew but the very face which had looked up at her from the bottom of the ravine! The paper cap was not there, nor the gray coat, nor the heavy boots; but the face, that was there, matched in its strength by a figure which carried broadcloth as though born to it.

What could it mean? Her father smiled the smile of a friend; and when the man sat down, as though wishing to welcome an old friend, while not forgetting the proprieties of the place, her father's hand reached quietly out and met that of the stranger in a silent grasp.

"There! I shall *die!*" thought Bella, the blood crimsoning to her forehead and rushing to the tips of her fingers. "Could *any* thing be more unlucky?" Thereupon Bella privately resolved that no sooner should she reach her own little chamber than she would have one good cry. And she did. Felt better. Indeed, after copious applications of cold water and a proper concentration of mind upon her toilet, she was able to meet the gentleman at dinner with her usual ease and maidenly dignity.

She said scarcely a word at dinner; partly because of a lingering embarrassment, and partly because she had nothing to say. Mr. Caxton and her father talked of old times—when they were together in England or somewhere—making their talk conglomerate by mingling pebbles of remark upon geological and other abstruse subjects. The gentleman scarcely noticed her at all—treating her with grave courtesy almost amounting to deference, however, when circumstances made it necessary that he should turn to her.

"I don't believe he remembers me at all," thought Bella; "and oh, I'm *so* glad! A perfect gentleman, any way! Almost as old as father, though. But father isn't old—young enough to be handsome, any way. Let me see—pa is thirty-eight—I don't believe the man is over thirty. What a noble father I have got! Oh, I shall never love any body half so well as I do my father, I *know*."

Bella, Bella! you know nothing about it, child. Is not Walter coming home from sea? Walter, the dashing, handsome sailor. Walter, your school-girl love, gone these four years "round the Horn"—boy when he left you, man when he returns. Walter, your father's favorite, whose you are by dear father's long-planned choice, seconded by your own child-preference years ago! You know nothing about it, Bella—we must tolerate the geologist as a member of the family for a month or two, pursuing his researches in the country round.

Bella pushed her embarrassment aside very soon. Indeed, she was sure Mr. Caxton had not the slightest suspicion that she was the fairy that ran into his arms.

"Isn't it funny, Fanny? Well, he is a gentleman, any way; and so considerate with me in my freaks! I declare! he is ever so much like pa, only he isn't my father, you know;" and Bella kissed Fanny again and again, pronouncing her a dear good girl, in ecstatic maidenly phrase.

Bella's knowledge of botany was of very great service to Mr. Caxton, who had long wished to obtain a practical acquaintance with the science. Besides, this was a peculiarly favorable opportunity, for he could partially match her pleasant instructions by teaching her to distinguish geological specimens.

The truth is, they roamed the fields together very much, the man gathering rocks, the maiden flowers. Man and maiden—rocks and flowers. The strongest contrasts and most beautiful unions in all the world.

Bella's quick ear and careful eye caught at the geologist's facts and illustrations with a readiness that often drew him out beyond himself. Especially in speaking of theories of stratification, of the ages of deposit, and the vast eternities in which the Vulcan of the universe had wrought the earth, Mr. Caxton would warm into the deep eloquence of genius, and throw off sparks of thought which would set little Bella's enthusiasm all aglow.

Bella never felt so much at home, and yet so lost to herself, as when sitting, or walking, or talking with Mr. Caxton. It was curious. The impression was that of being enveloped, lifted.

"Afraid of him? Not a bit, Fanny. What an idea!"

"Well, *I* am. He's so learned and dignified. Why, when he looks at me, I want to creep into my slippers."

"What a funny girl you are, Fanny! Well, I know he is learned—ever so learned, father says—but then, somehow, I don't *feel* it. See what he gave me to-day—a whole handful of rocks and flowers, all mixed up together. Isn't it queer!"

Is it possible that two months have gone?—more than eight full weeks!—sixty days! Even so. And the good ship *Montezuma* has reached her port at last. Full. Sperm-oil, bringing a round figure in the market. Walter will be home to-morrow.

And Bella—poor dear little Bella—fluttering like a feather in wavering and eddying breezes! Four years have translated her. They have brought contour, curve, blush. They have opened a revelation of thought, emotion, power—a new life. And now she is tremulous, restless, timid, anxious. And why?

Bella does not know.

She knows that four years of life, marked by activity, adventure, danger, have also wrought their work upon the boy who went out at nineteen, and comes back at twenty-three. What is he now? Is he handsome, and brave, and manly, as her girl-heart pictured him then, or was she foolish and unpenetrating, like other children, and will he come back a wreck of the promise of her fancy?

These were some of her thoughts, driven into her mind by the relation of their school-life, and by her father's partiality for Walter. But away down in a corner of her heart—a very wicked corner, Bella thought—there was the least possible sense of regret, ill defined, and not comprehensible. What could it mean? She was glad to have Walter come home—of course she was; glad to have him come home to his mother and sisters; glad to see him herself.

And yet—and yet it seemed so sudden—breaking in so upon her very, very smooth and pleasant daily life. So sudden.

"I wonder what Mr. Caxton will think of him?"

Early one morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, a young sailor stepped from the deck of a packet which had just swept gracefully and gently to the breast of the pier. He walked rapidly, strongly, with the sea-swing, through the streets of the village. Whole families pressed their faces against the window-panes; young fellows left the axe in the log, and, with a welcome slightly stentorian, met the Returned in the highway. Old men stood tottering at gate-ways, holding fast by rough posts, to welcome Walter, in the changed but kindly voice of age. Mothers ran, weeping, to the door-way, with shrill but broken words of cheer, as he passed along; and then followed his sea-strengthened form with eyes brimming, as they thought of the unutterable joy of that mother, the sound of whose son's footfall even now struck the brown sides of the home toward which he was hurrying.

Walter raised the latch and went in. The teams in the street whipped on; the women and children left the windows; the axe was resumed; the old men tottered back to their respective door-steps; and while mother, son, and sisters wept together, a hundred warm hearts joined silently in the greeting.

Not long after Walter and Bella met at the threshold of her home—the handsome sailor and the pretty little Bella.

"Yes, Fanny, he is just as handsome—*handsomer* than when he went away; but—"

"But what, Bella?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't plague me."

"I won't plague you, darling; but what do you mean by 'but'?"

"Why, nothing, only— Well, we haven't got fairly acquainted yet."

Now it happened at precisely this juncture that Mr. Caxton, who was then in State employ, was called to the State Capitol to superintend the publication of a huge volume of reports, and to attend to other matters equally dry. On my word, this was not a trumped-up excuse for leaving his old friend's roof, but a true and authoritative recall, which he was bound to obey. Mr. Caxton went promptly.

But just on the eve of his leaving, Mr. Vaughn—Bella's father—took an old friend's liberty, and said, clapping his hand on his shoulder,

"Caxton, my dear fellow, why don't you settle down and get married?"

"I can scarcely tell. My employment has been so absorbing, that I suppose I have thought less of the pleasures of domestic life than I ought. We scientific men make wife and children of our books and our specimens, you know."

"But just compare your condition with mine, Caxton," said his friend, with some exuberance of spirits. "Just note the difference between a homeless bachelor like yourself and a married man like me, in the bosom of such a family as this, with my little one, my Frank, and my precious little Bella there."

Mr. Caxton looked up just an instant.

"I tell you what, Charles," continued his host, waxing warmer, "I have a plan for you—a capital plan. May I tell it unreservedly?"

Mr. Caxton said "Yes."

"It is just this: you remember Mrs. Cleff, the nice young widow to whom you were introduced one evening, about a week ago? Amiable, elegant, wealthy; not much more than thirty; only one child, and she a bright little thing, Caxton." And Mr. Vaughn pronounced the words with a slow, smiling, genuine emphasis. "That—is—the—woman—for—you. Mark my words."

Having thus delivered himself, the happy father suddenly left his friend to his own reflections, imagining he had done a wondrously clever thing.

Mr. Caxton went out. He walked rapidly a mile or two; found the ravine in which he was first discovered, and sat down on a boulder. That omnipresent hammer of his shattered conglomerate into myriad flying fragments. What was playing under those strong and noble features it is not my privilege to know. Certainly there was tumult and wrestling; and the conflict was long and severe; for the expressive face was stirred into a strength of meaning which few countenances have the power to mirror under the pressure of any emotion. After about two hours of this silence and pantomime the geologist slowly rose from his seat, saying,

"Forty years old, and as weak and foolish as a boy!"

Just after Walter arrived, Mr. Caxton left for the State Capitol. The house was full of light when he went away. The handsome sailor was there, the father and mother were radiant, and Bella in that unfathomable mood of maidenly embarrassment, pleasure, and regret.

He addressed himself to the long, dry work before him with the concentration of his profession, analyzing, abstracting, generalizing, till the absorption of his energies gave only time for a dream-like memory of the episode of which we have been writing so long; but it was memory striking into his thoughts every day with the flash of a very vivid dream.

He learned that he was not only a man of science but a man of weakness and emotion as well. God help us when we think we are strong!

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later. Bella and Walter have been out walking very often—have been together in the sitting-room, whence the members of the family mysteriously withdraw. Walter has driven often to the cottage-door with a proud bay horse in a faultless harness of silver and black, and a chaise so nicely balanced as to float, balloon-like, in the air.

The two have played at grace-hoop on the grass of the front lawn, many a time; often ending the sport with a brisk battle, in which mown grass is the chief projectile, falling in a feathery cloud over Bella, or dashing full in the face and clinging to the curls and beard of the handsome sailor.

Fanny has been with them often—joined in their walks, their rides, their tête-à-têtes. Bella has never wished her away. But Fanny has felt guilty, as well as lonely, when with them: guilty, that she should share the time which every body else resigned to the two; lonely, as maidens must when they see, or fancy they see, the shimmer of the light which has never yet reached themselves.

Fanny has grown demure, abstracted, half-sad; Bella has grown tired, listless. The round of adventure has lost its novelty. She begins to feel lonely again. She is half-conscious of a thirst for something better, higher, more substantial. But when Walter is there she is gay, rollicking even. Walter switches her face with a little twig, and Bella scolds him roundly and very prettily. When Walter stands by the edge of the river, throwing rocks for the benefit of Blucher, his dog, Bella attempts to push him in; and then there is a bit of a skirmish and some musical screaming.

Fanny's poor little heart sinks within her for very loneness as she looks on these gay doings; reflects on the beauty and life of the sailor, and Bella's evident joyousness when the two are together.

Bella goes away by herself, almost disturbed, and yet unable to tell, for the life of her, what is the matter.

Thus Fanny gets sad and still; and Bella becomes abstracted and weary. Both lose hold of each other, and half-suspect. Each has her fear and her secret.

Bella walked down the ravine one day. There was no sound of hammer now; but she thought she would look over.

"Wonder what will happen this time," said she, resting her tiny slipper in a sure place, and bending over.

"Why, there's Fanny, as I live! all alone, too, and looking as though she had lost every friend in the world!"

Fanny had thrown down her hat, loosed her hair till it fell in heavy wealth upon her shoulders, and, leaning upon one elbow, was pulling flowers into bits, and tossing them upon the little brook, which ran chattering away with them as though it were a squirrel and the leaves were nuts.

Bella tripped down a winding pathway, and in a few seconds was close by Fanny's side, closing her arms about her neck.

"I will—I will make a confidante of Fanny—tell her every word," thought Bella, as her friend laid her cheek lovingly, yet half sadly against her own.

"Fanny, darling, do you love me?"

"Why, Bella, you *know* I do," said Fanny, almost reproachfully, her eyes filling with tears as she glanced into the face of her friend.

"Yes, I know you do; but then, lately, you have seemed so different—so reserved."

"So have you, Bella."

"I know it; but I'm not going to be so any more. You see, I haven't told you all my thoughts as I used to—that makes a difference; and you have kept secrets from me too, Fanny. Now I am going to be just my old self; and you shall meet me half-way, darling, will you?"

Fanny trembled very much, was silent, then burst into weeping. Warm and tearful were the caresses as the friends leaned together on the turf. At last the bargain was made; for kisses had opened the door to each secret chamber of each little heart.

"Well, Fanny," said Bella, buoyant with the joy of confiding once more, "I am going to tell you every thing now—every thing. Oh! I have been so unhappy, you don't know! And I am just as wicked as I can be. I know I am, and yet I can not help it. I have tried and tried, and—"

"So am I," sobbed Fanny, "more wicked than you are—a hundred times worse. When you know how bad I am you'll want to kill me—I know you will."

"Foolish Fanny!" said Bella, gathering spirits as her friend lost them, "it is no such thing. Now see;" and the pretty little sinner collected her thoughts to begin.

"You know Walter likes me, Fanny?"

"Yes—" falteringly.

"And you know father likes him ever so much, and expects me—you know all about it, Fanny?"

"Yes."

"And you know he is just as handsome as he can be, and full of fun, and a good sailor, they say, and young, and all that?"

"Yes." It was said faintly, but frankly. Fanny lay still in Bella's arms, the tears falling like summer rain, her fingers trembling like the needle-leaves of pines. Now and then a half-shudder ran through her frame.

"Now, you won't hate me, darling, when you know how wicked I am," said Bella, folding the little figure close, and beginning to cry, partly from sympathy and partly from the imminence of the coming confession.

Fanny kissed the cherry lips, which was saying "No" with emphasis.

"Then you shall know the worst. *I don't love Walter a bit!* I have tried just as hard as I could, because I don't want to disappoint father, nor any body; and Walter is very good, and handsome, and all that, you know. But I can't love him; I never have, and I won't—so, there! I know I am foolish and wicked; I know he is worth a thousand of me, and all that; but as for being his wife, I can't think of it—I can't—I can *not*—and I won't—there!"

Hereupon Bella brought her pouting lips in close proximity to Fanny's, but started, with,

"Why, Fanny! you are as pale as— Why, what's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing. Let me be still a little while—don't speak."

They sat a long time silent, wound in each other's arms.

"Now, Bella, shall *I* confess?"

"Yes."

"Put your face down to mine—there—so! Bella, *I* love Walter; and—and he told me just now that he—he loved me."

At this juncture Bella behaved most unseemly. Springing to her feet, and lifting Fanny as though she were a child, the impulsive Bella danced with her arms about her, clapped her hands, cried and laughed at once; kissed her lips, her eyes, her forehead; and then, throwing herself on the sward, indulged in a really joyous cry.

CHAPTER IV.

THE clock struck three.

Thomas Preston, the broker, turned the key of his desk, locked and double-locked his safe, hung his overcoat upon his thorny shoulders, and sticking his hat upon his briery head, walked into the street with an air that seemed to say to the throng: "Better not come near me; I shall catch you and scratch you."

Some men seem to have been born with thorns sticking out all over them, like the briers we find among the underbrush of forests. They lay hold of every thing that comes near them, scratching hands and faces till the blood comes, and tearing all kinds of fabrics into dilapidation.

The broker was one of these men. Not a man to violate the *letter* of the law, and thus bring himself into disgrace; but a scheming, selfish, money-getting, power-loving, wicked man: not a whit the better because he treated his victims as poachers do chickens—wrung their necks silently.

The broker walked briskly along buried in business contemplations, came upon the post-office, turned abstractedly up the granite steps, and deposited a rather bulky letter in one of the mysterious crevices through which we all drop those freighted packages—all, poor and rich, loving and hating.

"A hard case, a very hard case!" said Mr. Preston, in half-audible communion with his own self; "can't help it, though."

"Bella, close the shutters in about an hour. The sun will be up then, and the light will trouble him," said the nurse, shutting the door and leaving the young girl with her father.

Oh, the deep hush of the sick chamber! Bella bent over her father an instant, watching the slow breathing of the sick man's slumber; then sat with folded hands thinking how fearfully still it was; then gave his forehead a gentle baptism by the touch of her dripping white hand; smoothed a wrinkle in the counterpane and brushed a speck from the pillow; turned the leaves of a book with a rustle which in the hush seemed fearfully loud; and then sat still a long time with thoughts of dear father, running off to a thousand things besides.

The door swung slowly and noiselessly open, and a package of letters was put in Bella's hand. They were her father's letters—all of them. So Bella sat and waited. Mr. Vaughn had been so long accustomed to a life of business that his physician thought it best to allow Bella to read his correspondence aloud to him, even in the first days of his convalescence. So fixed and controlling are life's habits.

The sick man stirred, threw an arm from under the covering, and opened his eyes with the clear look which comes of refreshing sleep.

"Letters," said the daughter, holding up the package.

"Well, read them."

One was folded small and tucked in a little white envelope, the which bore the tremulous chirography of age. From Mr. Vaughn's mother. Another was from a stranger making some curious request. Others, upon various business topics. The heaviest was opened last. The very letter we saw deposited in the city office with the granite steps. It contained a startling story. A story of losses.

"I regret exceedingly to make this announcement, Sir," wrote the briery broker, "so unexpected, so utterly unforeseen. My own losses are also very heavy; heavier than yours."

"Oh, father! father! dear father! don't look so. Turn to me. Kiss me. Do, father!"

The sick man turned his pale face, with the strange fixed, startling eyes, upon his beseeching daughter, and tried to look cheerful.

But the effort was vain; for the iron had entered.

The sick room knew a deeper hush, and a deeper shadow. The curtains drooped a little lower, and the few footfalls were very light and careful, as though the touch of a soft slipper upon a softer carpet were a fearful noise.

The doctor came more gravely in, spoke in lower tones, with a touch of sympathy in them; and when he said, "Speak as cheerfully as you can, and don't let him see your face sad," though the order was begun with cheer in the voice, it ended in a tone which seemed to say, "Poor child!"

The hush grew deeper still. The touch of that little hand upon the pillow was lighter and lighter, and when it crept to the warm forehead it lay there longer and longer.

One morning, just at dawn, a human life went out from that hushed room, leaving Bella alone.

Then friends came in to do kindly duties, and the hush of the bedside was broken.

When the father died he left Bella alone. She had clung to one, and in the fall of the one she, too, was buried.

Not till now had the child the least adequate conception of the tenacity of her clinging, nor any thing like a consciousness of the utter lack of other support than her father's heart and arm. The mother— Well, it was all expressed in Bella's own words: "Mother never understands me;" and so she had gone to her father, and her father had been her all.

Now, in her deep grief, came thoughts of her father's friend, more continuous and swaying, even, than the pleasant memories which had hovered in her heart all along the time since he went away. He was so earnest, so kind, so noble. Unconsciously she had thought of him, till he became the standard by which she judged other men.

Sometimes, as she sat looking forth from the crimson-curtained window of her little chamber upon the moon-lit sea, and hills, and tree-tops, she would think of her father's friend—so like him, with his earnest nature and wealth of mind—till, as in the old-time wanderings across the fields, and readings by the sitting-room window, she experienced anew the sensation of being "enveloped, lifted."

The only friend in the wide world upon whose directing hand she could fully rely was at this instant on shipboard, bounding along over the seas to California; not forgetting the little Bella of months ago, but putting reins upon his imaginings, and trying to reason himself into the belief that it was a very foolish thing to wish that he, instead of the handsome sailor, could have cared for the dear child.

The geologist was not a man to be blind to his own emotions. That he loved, unreasonably, but quite consciously, was a decision of his judgment. That Bella could have lighted his home forever—yes, forever, here and hereafter—was a matter of consciousness; but that, if he could have done so, he would have been justified in calling her to his staid and weighty self, seemed impossible. Therefore Mr. Caxton endeavored to think very sensible things, gave her mentally to Walter, went over the seas trying to imagine her very happy in her betrothed. "God help us when we think we are strong!"

We can not follow Bella into the daily duties of her village school of the first ten months—the beginning of the new life of trial and stern discipline.

Mr. Caxton is commissioned to Australia, early in the lapse of these two years; and he goes, carrying Bella with him, just as he carried her to California a year before—carrying a memory, a regret, and a longing.

In the third year of her discipline Bella has reached the position of teacher in a very select institution, where the limit of pupils is fifteen, and the price exorbitant. Here but a few hours of her time are occupied, and her classes are in the higher branches.

At the close of this third year we may look in on her a moment, just before she closes her apartments to go back to her old home, for the reviving of its early associations. A pleasant, well-furnished room; a fire in the grate—just a little, to balance the chill of an early autumn evening. Flowers and books on the table; a port-folio of drawings, open. Bella, the student and worker of the last three years, yet fresh and buoyant, but with that sweet dignity which comes of chastening such a springing nature—her face grown classically beautiful, her figure just perfected by the habit of command.

At this instant she is looking at a drawing—a face—drawn from memory more than a year ago.

Mr. Caxton, just returned from the great island, is passing under her window.

The geologist reaches his hotel, and there finds a letter stating the death of a brother in Florida, and the need of his presence.

Passing under that window a dozen times a day, thinking of Bella often as a long ago dream-friend many miles away, perhaps the wife of the handsome sailor, Mr. Caxton completes his arrangements for a two years' absence and embarks for Florida. Does he carry Bella as when he sailed to one and the other land of gold? Yes; and I suppose he always will.

CHAPTER V.

THE gray morning broke slowly upon a village on the coast after a night of terrible storm. All night long the wind had rushed shrieking over the bare hills and by the isolated houses, making rough and hideous harps of fences, chimneys, and the dead limbs of the few buttonwood trees, whose leafless trunks yet stood erect because no heart could so ignore the old associations as to put the axe to them and see them fall. Old men as they met in the morning could compare the storm to nothing within more recent recollection than thirty years. Every family as it sat around the breakfast board wore an air of grave quiet, as though each heart were busy with pictures of those sad scenes with which the dwellers on the coast are so familiar.

Bella had been the first to descry a small black speck in the edge of the horizon, coming into view and then receding, but growing larger and more constant as the morning grew. The roar of ocean in a storm having been no part of her lullaby in the last three years, she could not sleep; and because the brown house stood apart from the rest on elevated ground, her watchings from the window had been thus rewarded. Fanny saw it next, for she was watching elsewhere. Walter had sailed from a home port only a day or two since; he was in the merchant service now.

Though the waves rolled thundering to the shore, and the storm was yet wild, Fanny found her way to the brown house early in the day, leaving her little boy in charge of a neighbor's daughter. Fanny and Bella sat together, saying little; Fanny very anxious, and Bella under a mysterious pressure.

The speck grew larger. Slowly but surely it tumbled in toward the land a mastless hulk. As the morning wore on groups of men gathered on the highland between the brown house and the shore, watching the curved outlines and beautiful proportions of the half-sentient thing to which the sometimes kindly shores must give a rough welcome now. Women congregated at the brown house and watched from the chamber windows. And still the gale blew wildly; and the billows held their winding sheets aloft a moment, then spread them on the shelving sand. The ship came on as gracefully as though her march were not to death, rolling her bright green sea-floor into view with every climbing to the summit of a wave.

There were men on board. There were signals of distress—sad sights to the groups of powerless men and weeping women. She approaches nearer. The women forget the storm and are hurried by a kind of anguished impulse to the shore. Nearer—nearer—nearer—she strikes—is buried in foam—rises lion-like, shaking her sea-green mane—strikes again—bursts into fragments.

Here and there a human form struggles into view upon a piece of the broken ship. Now one is thrown violently up the cliff, stunned, and carried back by the retreating wave to struggle never again. Men and women rush to the verge of the ocean; but what can mortals do? For such as strike against the cliff there is no hope. A few, clinging to a single timber, are carried near the mouth of the ravine. The cruel billows play with them there during an eternity of minutes and then, as if willing to spare a few poor fellows, push them within the rocky sides upon the level floor. And there they all lie motionless as dead.

The villagers, with that stern, earnest look which the powerless brave wear in the presence of death and danger, gather the four in their strong arms, and place them on a patch of green-sward a little up the ravine. But long ere this Fanny has given a muffled cry of hope and anguish as she recognizes the still features of the handsome sailor of a few years since—her husband—the father of her boy. And so it was *his* ship that had been swept by the tempest, and all through the long, wild morning had rolled fearfully in to the death-wielding shore.

These men and women of the coast were too familiar with such scenes to be at loss. Each of the bodies was taken by a few of the most experienced, subjected to tests of life, and brought under the influence of means which a long sea-home had taught to use so well. There were reversings of position, chafings, pressures upon the chest. One—a lad of eighteen—came to himself at once, after a little care. At last, after long and patient trial, Walter gave a gasping groan, the first sure sign of the return of life; and Fanny, bursting for the first time into tears, threw herself frantically upon the body of her husband. Even the strange, distressful sounds had a music in them—the music of returning life.

An hour passed, and yet the two remaining bodies gave no hopeful signs. Another hour was almost gone, and the efforts of the most sanguine began to lose their vigor. Only had they been so long continued because of the entreaties of the women, to whom these strangers were types of fathers, husbands, brothers, on other shores, needing the toil which was theirs to bestow to-day—the effort which might result in a resurrection. The men ceased; but Bella, watching, had detected a little sign—at least she thought so—and she entreated earnestly for another brief endeavor. Thus one of them was saved. Then the efforts were increased and the time extended, but to no avail. The other never woke.

That afternoon the brown house held them all. In the night-time Bella and Fanny sat by the dead in that subdued converse which befits a presence so august. On the morrow the body was taken by the friends of the deceased, and given to sleep in the cemetery of its city home.

"Walter, what was this man's name?" asked Bella's old friend, the physician.

"A passenger, going to the vicinity of Tallahassee, to take charge of a plantation which had fallen to him somewhere. I believe he was a broker."

"What was his name?"

"Mr.—it sounds like Tresley."

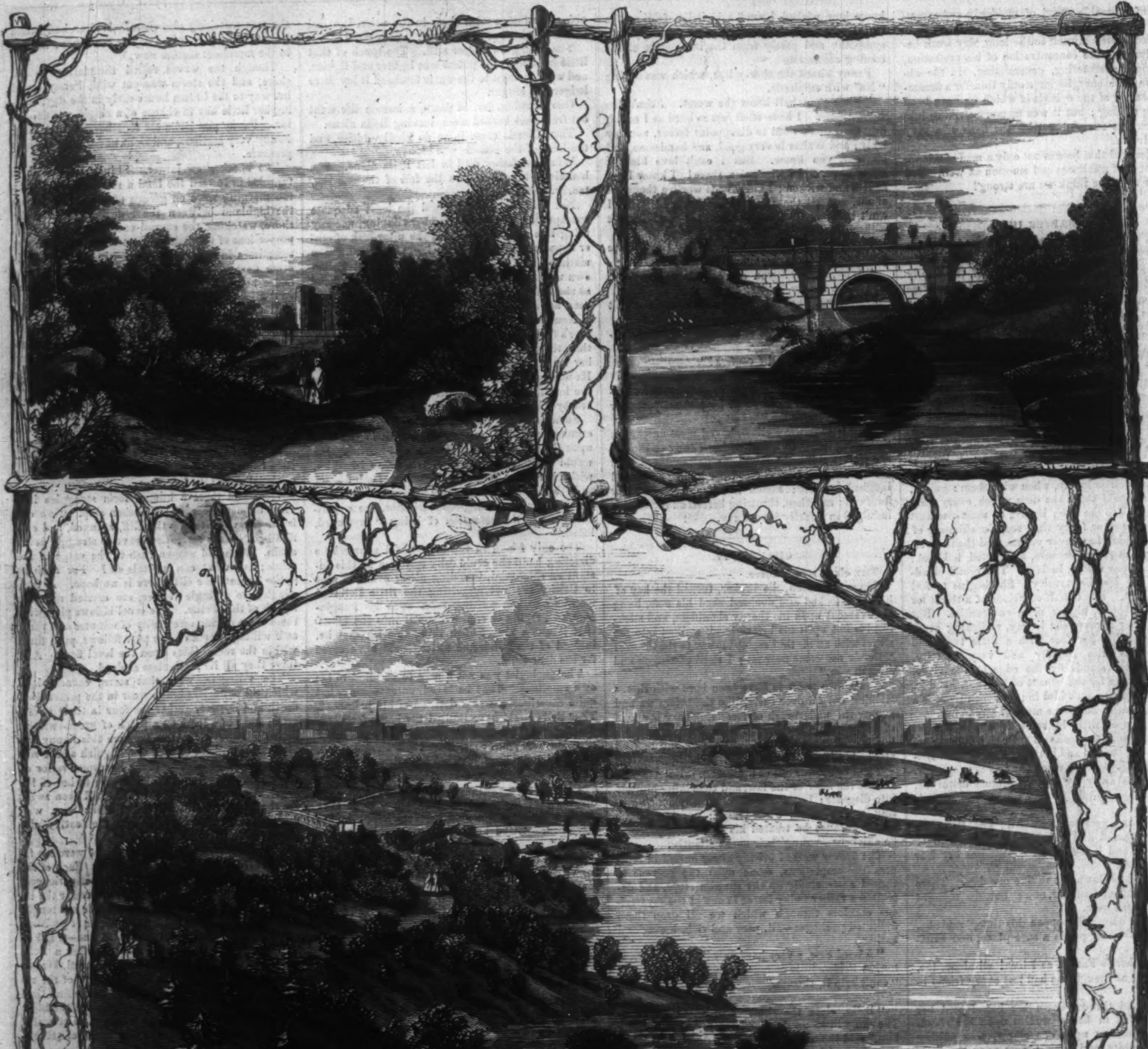
"Preston?"

"Yes, that's it!—Preston."

As he rode homeward, the old man murmured to himself, "Poor child! she little thinks that she has been toiling and watching by the body of her father's murderer! Murder *I* call it."

It was a strange coincidence—a very strange coincidence—that it was Walter's ship in which the geologist had taken passage; and thus the Providence "which shapes our ends" had thrown these three together, upon the shore within the old ravine. And Bella and Fanny had been brought to meet them there.

Three years of trial had brought into full blossom the germ of high womanhood which Mr. Caxton had found in little Bella, and worshiped ever since, despite himself. As he saw her now there were no misgivings lest she should find no genial, matching spirit in his staid and weighty self. So he told her a story of three years' length; and Bella, looking back, saw for the first time that the mystery of her emotions was no mystery at all. And while they walked hand in hand through the world the gravity of the one was seen to break often into ripples, and the buoyancy of the other to carry with it a strength and sense which added to its diamond light the weightiness of gold.


CENTRAL PARK
THE RAMBLE.

THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1860.

THE POPE AND HIS GENERAL.

The public will be glad to have a portrait of the Pope and of General Lamoricière, who figure so prominently in the news from Europe, and whose career appears at length to be drawing to a sudden close.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently at the present time about 68 years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the Government at Rome. He shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages, and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

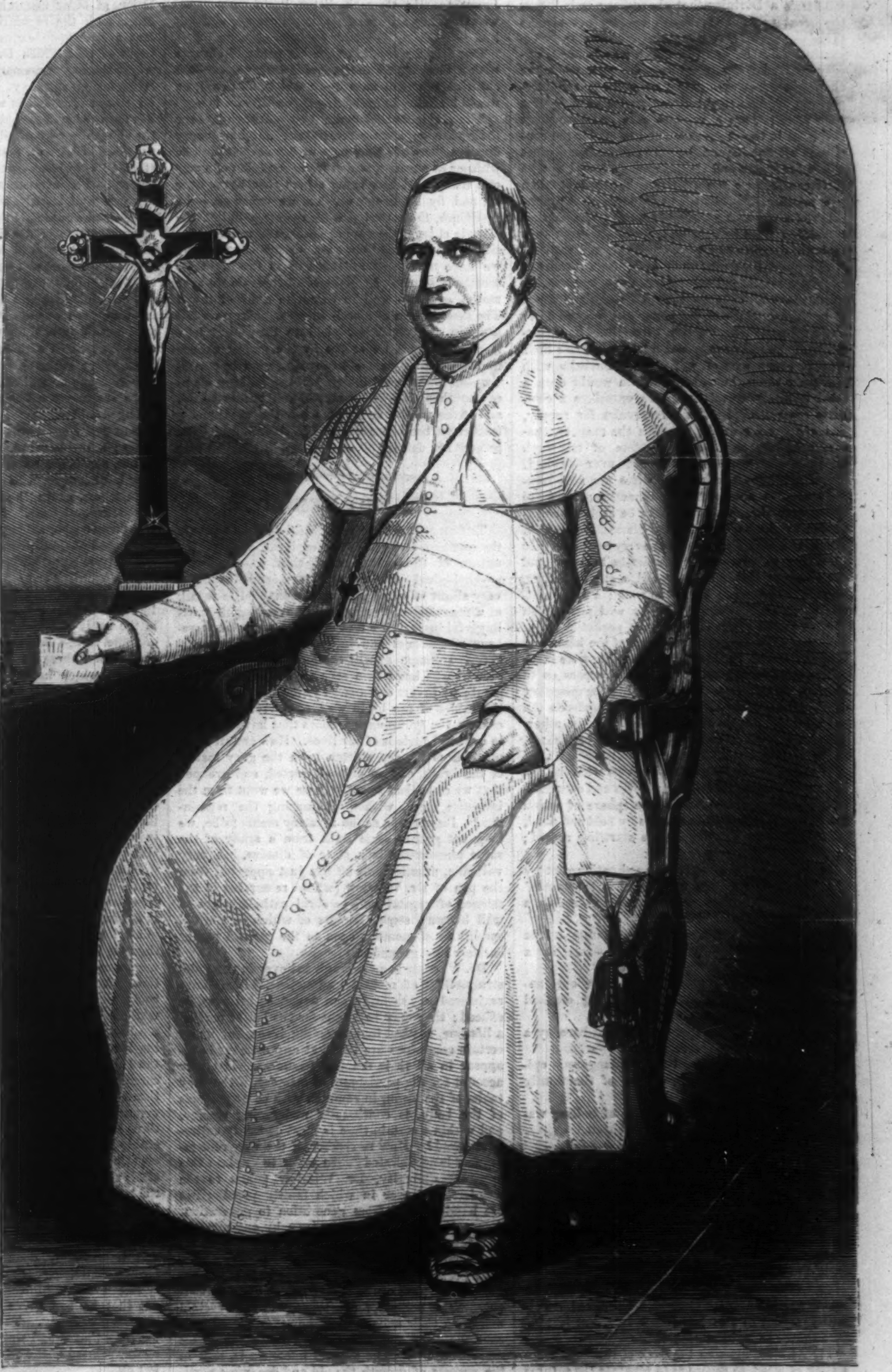
Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Ferretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As Pope, Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly, some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where for some months he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their despotic allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans.—Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is due to truth to say that, since his restoration to power, Pope Pio Nono has evinced very little of the spirit which once won for him the good-will of liberal men throughout the world. Prior to 1859 his rule was despotic, and as inefficient as that of any of his predecessors; robbery was an everyday matter in the Papal States; murder was common; and the jails, which contained but few assassins and thieves, were crammed with respectable persons accused of political offenses. When the war broke out the sympathies of the Pope were openly manifested on the side of tyranny and foreign domination; Pius was an Austrian to the backbone. Hailing from heaven above, he could not, of course, be expected to share the feelings of the Romans about Italian nationality. It needed more watchfulness than ever, on the part of the French General, to prevent the Pope's subjects sacking the Vatican.

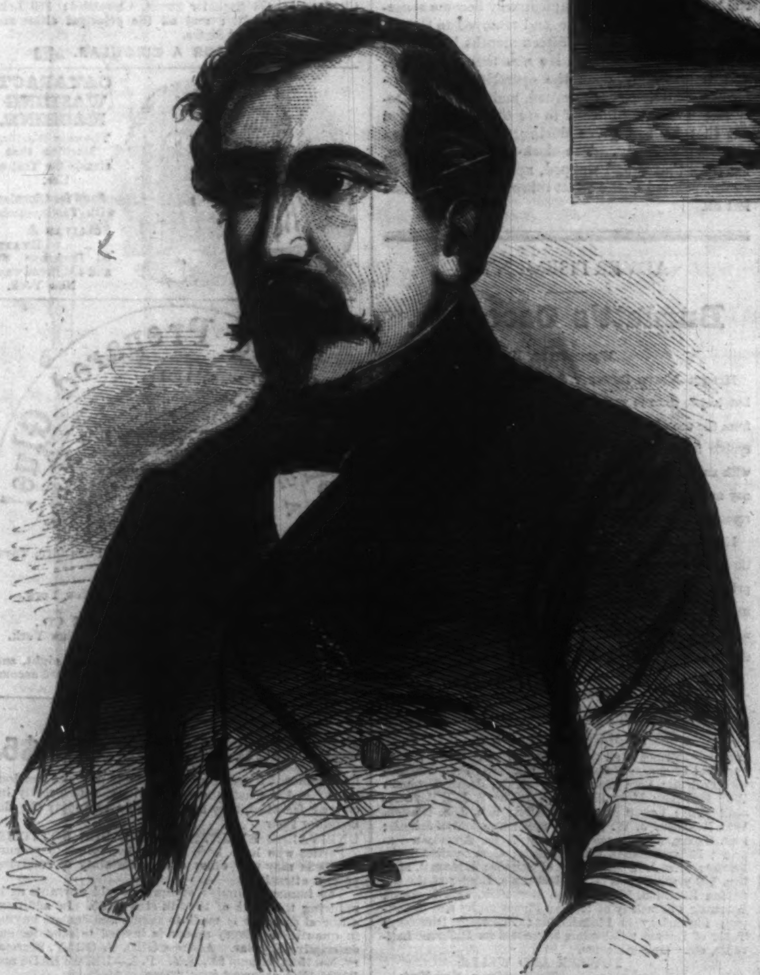
When the war ended, the Emperor of the French proposed an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head. To this Pius agreed; but with senile fatuity insisted that, before any new arrangement were made, foreign troops should invade the revolted Romagna, and reduce to submission those of his subjects who, disgusted by the crimes of his government, and especially the massacre of Perugia, had expelled his legates and declared their independence. This was too much even for the Emperor of Austria—far too much for Louis Napoleon. The request of the Pope was civilly declined. Upon which the old man refused to have any thing to do with the Confederation.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

On New-Year's Eve Napoleon wrote the Pope a wise, calm, and temperate letter, advising him to submit to fate, and to recognize the independence of the Romagna. On New-Year's Day, Pius, in his speech to the French general, called Napoleon a hypocrite, and all the other hard words he could remember.

The next steps in the drama are fresh in our readers' memory. When Garibaldi invaded Sicily the Pope was furious, and fulminated a manifesto against him, which was laughed at. When Calabria was invaded the Pope began to quake, and implored protection from the neighboring powers. It was too late. As we go to press, we hear that nothing remains to the infatuated old man but the port of Civita Vecchia and the city of Rome—and these he will not probably hold many weeks.



GENERAL LAMORICIERE.—[From a Late Photograph.]

General Lamoricière, the soldier of fortune who took the command of the Pope's army last year, is, as his name indicates, a Frenchman by birth. A few years ago he was one of the galaxy of African generals who were the support of the throne of Louis Philippe. He had risen, without friends or patrons, from the rank of *Sous-lieutenant* to that of General of Division, and was, with Cavaignac and Changarnier, the idol of the soldiers. He was the bravest of the brave, ever risking his life for a trifle, and performing exploits which caused those who witnessed them to hold their breath with horror and suspense. At the revolution of February, Lamoricière vainly endeavored to stem the popular movement by establishing a Reform ministry: when he discovered that it was too late he threw himself into the republican ranks, and became one of the popular leaders of the party. He was a member of the Assembly, and took a leading part in the debates, declaring himself an ardent republican. In 1851 he was one of those who evinced a desire to rule or ruin, and was accordingly included in the list of the proscribed at the *coup d'état* of the 2d December. With Changarnier, he subsequently availed himself of the Emperor's permission to seek an exile abroad.

For some years afterward the world heard little of Lamoricière. It was understood that he had become very pious, and spent much of his time in prayer, fasting, and superstitious rites. He did penance for his sins, offered vows to saints, and attended church daily. He was in this holy frame of mind when the war in Italy broke out. The Pope, in the last distress, bethought himself of Lamoricière, and appealed to him to take the command of his army. The saint-soldier consented, and for the last year has been endeavoring, with pretty poor success apparently, to make a respectable army out of the assemblage of miserable ragamuffins who constitute the Pope's defenders. We have the measure of success he has obtained in the report of the late engagement in Umbria. General Lamoricière himself is reported to be on his way to this country.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

If any one over whom some years of the journey of life have passed will take the trouble to look back along the road he has traveled, and count up the narrow chances he has run of being extinguished like a half-burned candle—the lucky escapes he has made—it will go far toward convincing him of a superintending Providence over individuals, as well as states and worlds. The hairs of our head are numbered, says the Good Book. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends," says the great poet; and though we are not always saved—though fatal casualties are constantly occurring, still the cases in which we are unexpectedly rescued from impending dangers, when the chances seemed all against us, often by the interposition of some slight circumstance no weightier than a straw, are enough to give immense point and force to the proposition, and to render the conclusion all but inevitable. The exceptional cases where fire, flood, and slaughter are allowed to take their course, we can not judge. Why one is taken and another left—why one man perishes by the prick of a pin or the sting of a gnat, while another is riddled with bullets and lives—belongs to a realm of causes and motives quite beyond our ken.

Surrounded on all hands by dense substances, as earth, wood, and iron, the human body which must resist them is by their side as the frailest of textures. Our soft parts mar like the rose-leaf; our hard parts fracture like porcelain. Seas, rivers, and streamlets ebb, and flow, and course their way in every part of us; throng conduits with gossamer banks, in which a bodkin would open a fatal leak. We sustain within ourselves a complete system of pipes and reservoirs for supply, and another for drainage; with the most extensive, complex, and perfect system of telegraph wires, delicate as frost-threads, ever devised. These rivers, reservoirs, and wires are also locomotive. We are constantly in action; liable to break against each other, and to be broken or consumed by the harder, stronger elements about us. Brick and stone war on us at every step. Water threatens us below, the thunder-bolt above, and fire on every side. A slight fall, a slip on a stair, is enough to break a leg or the neck; a flying missile will part the skull; a straw will put out an eye, and even pierce the brain; a pocket-knife, or less, will open the grand reservoir of the heart and let out the life. It is difficult to see how we manage to exist at all; and yet not a few pass on to old age, threescore and ten, running the gauntlet, as it were, between rocks and whirlpools on the one side, and flames and whirlwinds on the other, without serious damage from casualty or disease, to the natural end of life.

A friend at our elbow furnishes us with the following *rôle* of chances—of exposures and escapes—in his own case. Others, whose sphere of action has been wider and more various by field and flood, will be able to exhibit a more startling record; but this is sufficiently in point:

1. Still-born, and restored to animation, not by the thunder of rejoicing cannon, as in the case of the younger Napoleon, but by being soused in a tub of cold water.

2. A permanent fracture of the sternum, at the age of a few months—cause unknown—entailing a weakness of the chest for many years.

3. At two years or thereabouts—dates only approximately correct—just escaped being crushed under a falling chimney.

4. At three, left temporal bone laid bare by a fall. Skull escaped fracture.

5. Same year, recovered from a dangerous epidemic fever, of which one or two of the family died.

6. At four, escaped from a surge of boiling water, with slight scalds on face and chest.

7. At five, collar-bone fractured by a fall.

8. At six, severe blow in the abdomen from an axe, which flew out of the hands of the operator, but fortunately struck with its head instead of the sharp bit.

9. At seven, half killed by the breaking of a rope swing. Taken up senseless. Same year, choked by a button in the throat. Escaped, as it were, at the last gasp.

10. At eight, left ankle joint laid open with an axe. Limb in great danger, but saved. Followed, a year or two later, by a like, but less severe injury to right ankle joint.

11. At nine, blow on the back of the head from a stick of wood, so severe as to separate the sutures of the skull on both sides of the head.

12. At ten, wound in the knee from a knife, which penetrated the joint.

13. At eleven, blow from a handspike on the temple. Taken up for dead. Skull probably fractured.

14. At twelve, the extreme of mortal illness, lasting for months. Was supposed dying—*dead*. Relieved at the last moment spontaneously, without visible cause. Recovery slow, partial, protracted through many years.

15. At fifteen, over Greek and Latin, suffering all the horrors of dyspepsia.

16. At nineteen, threatened with total loss of sight from acute disease of the eyes. Recovery long and tedious.

17. At twenty, life in danger on one of our inland seas from a hurricane, or blow. Escaped, after some twenty hours of exposure.

18. Same year, attacked by an armed ruffian in the woods. Bluffed him off by temporizing and the exhibition of a firm front.

19. At twenty-one, escaped with life by the breadth of a single hair, in a freshet on one of our large Western rivers. Same year, set upon by a company of drunken savages in the night. Escaped by flight, after a hot pursuit. Also, same year, stood the flash of a Virginia gentleman's knife; who finally thought better of it, and excused the *lie* uncourteously given him, on the score of the deficiencies of a Northern education. Also, farther, same year, overturned and thrown down a precipice in the night. Escaped with scarce a scratch, though buried under the wheels and timbers of the carriage, which was broken in fragments.

20. At twenty-two, lungs broken down. Mucous suppurations, slight hemorrhages, and an array of bronchial difficulties, extending through a period of a dozen years. Chances frequently, to appearance, not worth a mill.

21. At thirty-five, grown wise and prudent. Doctors and their drugs dismissed long ago. Health tolerable; and at *forty* pretty well established Lungs sound; stomach ditto; limbs ditto; notwithstanding all accidents, imprudences, and follies.

Our friend closes his valuable paper of chances with a blessing on the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the curative power of nature—in which, no doubt, he would include the protecting care of Providence.

The accidents that make their mark, that leave their scar on us, we remember; but how many dangers there are that pass us by, near enough to whisper in our ears, which we never think of a second time; and how many others that hover over us, and fly all about us, that we never see—the pestilence, the tottering wall, the stray bullet, the electric charge, the gaping plank, the unseen missile, the threatened blow; when somebody suspects we have money, or mistakes us in the night for somebody's enemy? None of all these do we ever record, and it is well for us not to know of them. The same is true of moral dangers. Many we fall into—in our weakness, yield to them—but how many thousands we escape by the merest chance in the world—by some happy diversion in our favor—an unexpected interruption, a flashing memory or thought—which starts, and braces us up, and gives us the mastery, when the weight of a feather on the other side of the scale would have insured our defeat?

MORBID MEMORY.

There are very few thoughtful persons to whom the question has not presented itself, What is the nature of the operation of that extraordinary psychological phenomenon, memory? With a very slight effort of will we are enabled to recall, at a moment's notice, long past events with startling vividness. We fold up and carry in our cerebrum the scenes and incidents of years of travel; we summon at will the faces of thousands of persons who have been seen by us only for a moment; we invert our mental vision, and there upon the tablet of the brain we see, as vividly as in a camera, the groupings of scenes that have occurred in eventful periods of our lives. How are all these myriads of images written upon the gray matter of the brain, and so ordered, sorted, and grouped that we can select exactly those we want from the immense store, without disturbing the remainder? Inscrutable as the mystery seems to be, we may yet gather some light from a study of the same phenomena in a state of disease. A very valuable, practical work* has just appeared from the pen of Dr. Winslow (whose researches in the science of mental and cerebral pathology are so well known), some chapters of which on morbid conditions of memory open to the general reader entirely new ground.

Dr. Winslow is a thorough believer in the indestructibility of mental impressions. Ideas once registered in the brain can never, he believes, be effaced; they may be latent for the better part of a lifetime, masked by succeeding ideas, but under certain conditions are liable at any moment to reappear in all their magical freshness. But how account for the persistence of memory, if the very tablet of the brain, in common with other portions of the body, is continually undergoing change, and within a certain time is most certainly entirely renewed? How remember, if the very remembrancer is annihilated? In order to explain this apparent difficulty, Dr. Winslow points to the wonderful manner in which family peculiarities are handed down from generation to generation. A certain stamp of feature given by one member of a family will continue through a long descent, as we may see in many a portrait gallery; nay, little peculiarities, such as moles, twists of the fingers, a drooping of the eyelids, seem quite persistent. Some persons, for instance, will have certain marks on their nails, which, however cut off, will continue to perpetuate themselves to the latest moment of life. The natural inference is, that in the process of growth the old and decaying particle is succeeded by a new particle exactly corresponding with itself. The newer vesicle of the brain, thus stamped with a certain image, is succeeded by a new generation of vesicles as certainly a copy of that which went before them as a photograph is a duplicate of that which it images. In this manner, in consequence of the wonderful assimilative power of the blood, the brain is always changing, but in a state of health is ever changeless, and the ideas impinged upon it remain ineffaceable. But when disease commences, it is easily understood what vagaries may arise with respect to the memory. Dr. Winslow's work presents us with some most extraordinary examples of the aberrations thus taking place, which amount to psychological curiosities of the most interesting kind. We are all familiar with the fact that, in the gradual decay of memory in old age, the images of our youth seem revived within us.

The ideas stamped upon the brain in early youth, although long apparently forgotten, come back with the tottering step of second childhood; but there is reason to believe that in certain affections of the brain the memory retreats from us in a sequential manner. Thus, an Italian gentleman residing in New York, and who had acquired the French and then the English language, happening to be attacked with yellow fever, it was observed that in the commencement of his illness he spoke the tongue he had learned last, the French in the middle of his disease, but his native tongue at the termination of his life. It is invariably the case, that our last prayers are delivered in our native tongue, notwithstanding that we may have disused it for a long period of time. It is also observable that, in many cases where the memory of recent events had been replaced by those of early life in persons suffering from illness, on the recovery of health the order of things was reversed, recent events recurring to the mind to the utter oblivion of older memories, the one replacing the other with the regularity of a dissolving view. But a still more extraordinary condition of the brain is that which Dr. Winslow points out, in which the loss of memory is total, consequent upon an attack of apoplexy. Many cases of this kind have been recorded, in which the mind of the man has been reduced to that of a young child, and all the elementary knowledge of youth has had to be acquired afresh; or, more singular still, a double state of knowledge has been set up in the same person! For instance, a young lady, whose memory was well stored and capacious, suddenly fell asleep; on awaking it was discovered that she had lost every iota of acquired knowledge, and that her mind was reduced to a perfect blank. With great effort she was gradually mastering, as a child would do, the first lessons of youth, when she suddenly fell into a sound sleep, on awaking from which it was discovered that she had recovered her old state of knowledge. The old and new states alternated with each other; at one moment she was the accomplished woman, at another she possessed the mental calibre of a child; in the old state she wrote a beautiful hand, in the new a cramped stiff character, such as children do. In this extraordinary condition she remained for four years; a double mind, as it were, took possession of her, she being conscious only of the state she may have happened to have been in at the time.

In others, again, the loss of memory is confined to particular letters. Dr. Greaves relates a case of a farmer who, subsequent to a paralytic fit, lost the names of substantives and proper names. He perfectly recollected, however, the initial letter of any substantive or proper name he wished to talk about, but the word itself would not be recalled. In order to help himself in this difficulty, he was in the habit of taking with him a manuscript list of those things he was in the habit of speaking about; and these he arranged in an alphabetical manner, which he carried about with him, and used as follows: if he wished to ask any thing about a cow, before he commenced the sentence, he turned to the letter C, and looked out for the word Cow, and kept his finger and eye on the word until he had finished the sentence. This partial loss of memory is often the consequence of paralysis; sometimes a singular transposition of letters is the only abnormal sign noticed. Dr. Winslow, for instance, mentions the case of a gentleman who invariably reversed their order; for instance, he always said puc for cup, and gum for mug.

Sudden concussions of the brain arising from external injury sometimes produce a total loss of consciousness for a greater or lesser space of time. It is observable, however, that upon recovery the mind immediately recurs to the last action or thought it was employed upon before its powers were suspended, and endeavors to continue its action. A little girl, engaged in play with some companion, happened to fall and injure her head while catching a toy that was thrown to her. For ten hours she was totally unconscious; upon opening her eyes, however, she immediately jumped to the side of the bed, and assuming the action of catching, exclaimed, "Where is it? where did you throw it?" A more singular instance still of the manner in which the brain will catch up and continue its last train of thought, even after a considerable lapse of time, is the following: "A British captain, while giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship at the Battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home, and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where for fifteen months he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined; and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The clock-work of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off.

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* On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L.

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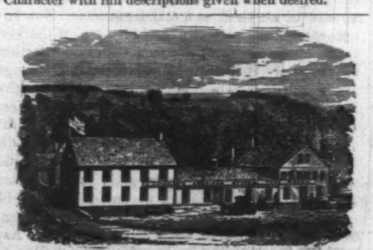

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